

KRISSE KRINGLE'S
BOOK.



early & was juvenile
Higginson's copy

Henry Lee Wiggin

1843

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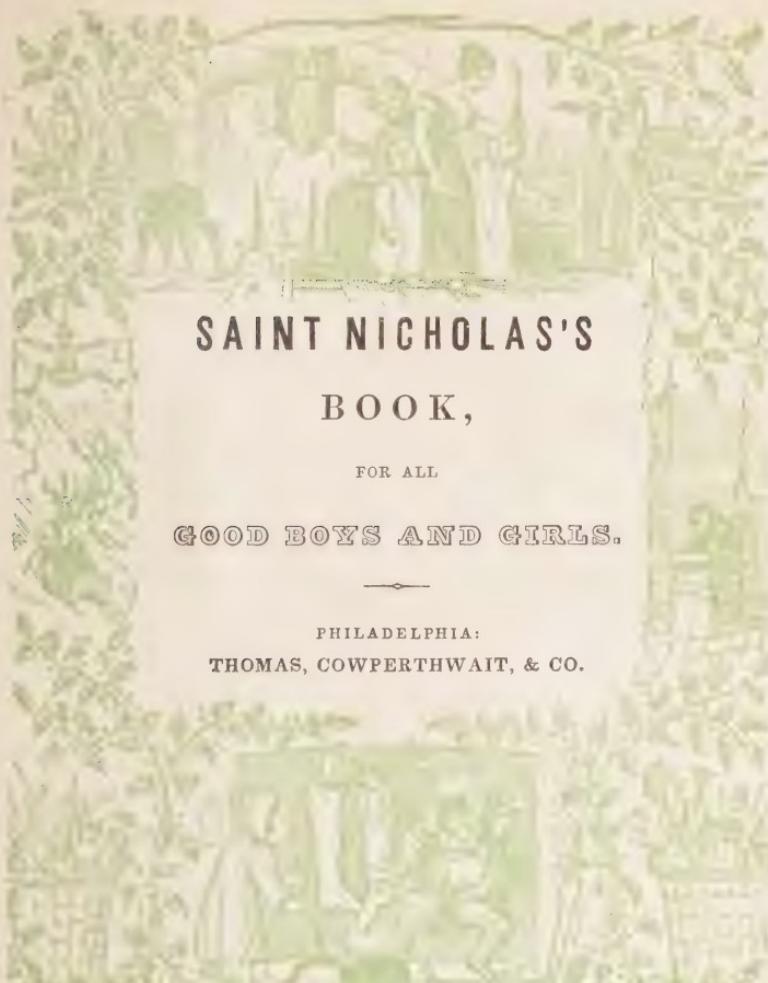
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E. BOYNTON LYON.

*Henry Lee Wiggin
1863*



SAINT NICHOLAS'S
BOOK,

FOR ALL

GOOD BOYS AND GIRLS.

PHILADELPHIA:
THOMAS, COWPERTHWAIT, & CO.

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INTRODUCTION.



OST boys and girls have heard of Saint Nicholas, that worthy Saint who takes under his care those who are obedient to their parents, studious, respectful to their teachers, gentle to their play-fellows, and attentive to their religious duties. To families where such children are found, the good Saint, if we may believe a tradition some hundreds of years old, pays an annual visit on the night before Christmas. He brings with him a good number of toys, pretty books, bon bons, and other presents such as all young folks delight in, and having descended the chimney, he deposits a quantity in the stocking of each of the good children, provided always, that they have duly hung their stocking up in the chimney corner before going to bed. If there should chance to be any idle, disobedient, bad-tempered boy or girl in the house, who neglects lessons, beats brothers and sisters, scratches faces, tells lies, breaks things, &c. &c., Saint Nicholas, instead of giving him toys, puts into his stocking a

rattan rod, brought for that special purpose all the way from the East Indies. Such a child must feel very much chagrined, and look very silly the next morning when all the other children are laughing and clapping their hands at Kriss Kringle's* presents.

Among his other presents, Saint Nicholas, like a worthy, good, considerate Saint as he is, loves to give the children nice little story books, such as will teach them to be good, and at the same time afford them a great deal of innocent amusement. In order to have one made exactly to his mind for the Christmas of this year, he applied to the author to make one, to be called "SAINT NICHOLAS'S BOOK FOR ALL GOOD BOYS AND GIRLS." Here it is. Each of those children whom Saint Nicholas, or Kriss Kringle most highly approves, will be sure to find a copy of this book, with all its stories and pictures, and its nice binding, safely deposited in his stocking at the chimney corner, on the morning of next Christmas, or at farthest, next New Year's Day.

An American poet, Mr. C. C. Moore, has very beautifully described the annual visit of St. Nicholas in the following verses, of which the pictures on our title page afford a lively illustration.

* Kriss Kringle is the name given by children to St. Nicholas.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

'TWAS the night before Christmas, when all through
the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with
care,

In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced through their
heads;

And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap;
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter:
Away to the window I flew like a flash,

Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave the lustre of midday to objects below.

When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by
name;

"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer!
now, Vixen!"

On! Comet, on! Cupid, on! Donder and Blixen—
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"

As leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the
sky,

So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a
bound.

He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and
soot;

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he look'd like a pedlar just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled ! his dimples, how
merry !

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry ;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the
snow.

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face, and a little round belly,
That shook, when he laugh'd, like a bowl full of
jelly.

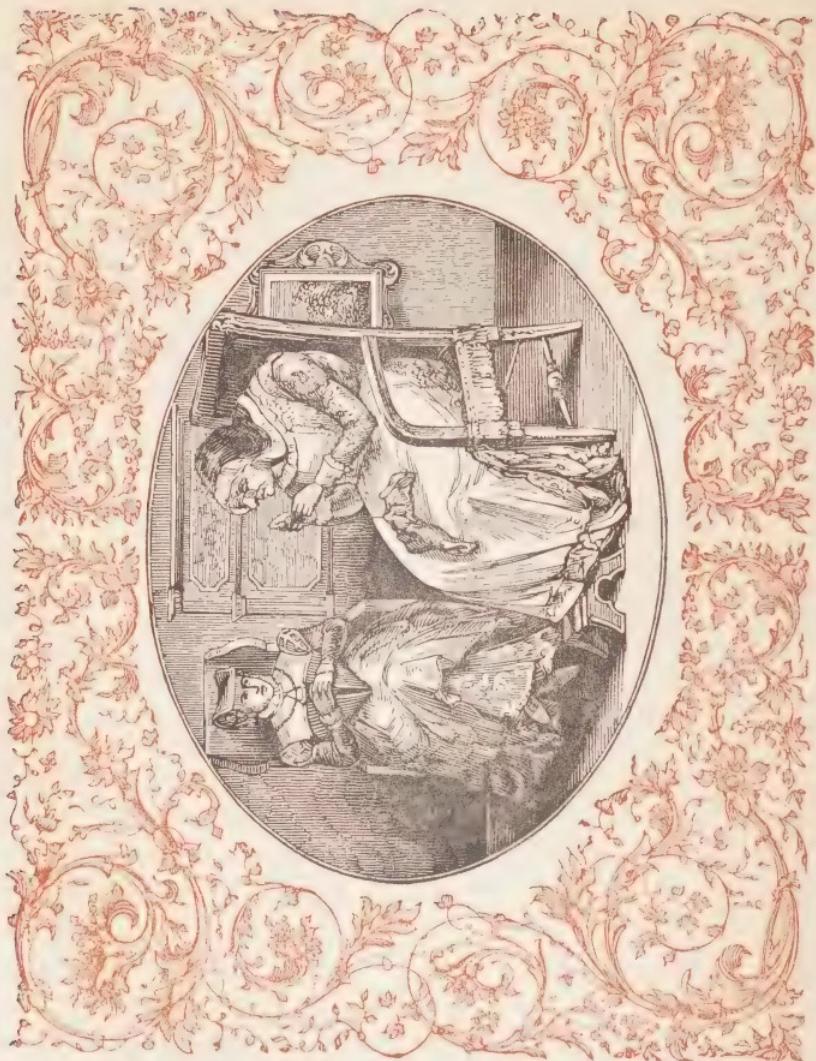
He was chubby and plump ; a right jolly old elf ;
And I laugh'd, when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And fill'd all the stockings; then turn'd with a jerk,
And, laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
“Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!”

Such is the annual visit of Saint Nicholas as described by the poet; and poets, as every body knows, are the best of all possible authority on matters relating to the fairies and all such airy personages as our good Saint is described to be. The time of this visit is now rapidly approaching, and all are looking forward to it with interest, and many with well-founded hopes of special favours—presents of value safely deposited in the stocking which will be hung in the chimney-corner. It is to be hoped that the young people will take care to prepare themselves for this visit in the most unexceptionable manner, by discharging all their duties at home and at school, in the study room and on the play ground. By so doing, they will secure the good will of this benevolent friend of the young, and gain the approbation of their friends. They will make their Christmas fire-side very merry, each delighting himself with some one

of the numerous tokens of Kriss Kringle's good will. All will then gather round the chimney-corner, while the best reader entertains the circle with the following stories of KRISS KRINGLE'S Book.





GOOD GUDULE, THE FAITHFUL OLD NURSE.

FIRST PART.



T WAS seven o'clock in the evening, Dame Dennesens, the wife of a notary, and herself a winder of thread, was dividing her time and attention between the kitchen and her shop. Now and then, if a strong smell issued from the former, she hastened thither to assure herself that the chicken which was roasting before the fire was not burnt, hastening back immediately though into the shop, where whilst she occupied herself in separating some reels of thread into skeins, she took care to watch every movement of an old woman darning a very ragged stocking in the corner.

This old woman was hired by the day to work for Dame Dennesens, who took good care to exact as much as possible in return for her twelve sous

a day. Every moment that was lost either in threading her needle, or in looking out of the window, was carefully observed and commented upon.

Gudule, on her part, employed various little ingenious expedients against the watchful scrutiny of Dame Dennesens, merely through that spirit of contradiction by which the best of us are often actuated. Sometimes under pretence of wanting more light, she drew near to the window, and leaning her head on her hands, enjoyed a view of the street for a few minutes; occasionally the thread broke, and it took some time to get another: on such occasions Dame Dennesens had a reproof which she knew was mortifying to the old woman.

"Ah! Gudule, your eyes are not so good as they were when you were fifteen."

Upon this, Gudule would raise her eyes and answer fiercely.

"Thanks be to God, Dame Dennesens, my eyes are quite as good as they ever were; it is the thread, which breaks like tow."

But if Dame Dennesens was obliged to leave the store for a few moments, the old woman threw down her work and stretched out her cramped limbs; but at the least sound of the return of the mistress, she hastily resumed her position and her labour.

But what the old woman liked above all things was the sound of the neighbouring cathedral bell. In the morning when it rang the last

mass, she said to herself, "Half an hour more and it will be noon and dinner time." In the evening, at seven, the "Angelus," announced the end of her wearisome day's work.

On the day we have mentioned, Gudule got up at the solemn sound, and shaking the particles of wool and thread from her apron, carried her work to Dame Dennesens.

"Gudule," said she, "will you take your supper with you, or stay with us, and eat a piece of our chicken?"

Gudule cast a longing eye upon the chicken in the frying-pan, but answered meekly:

"I will take my supper with me."

"Very well then, here are two eggs, and you can cut yourself a piece of bread off of that loaf."

This was cunningly done; for the mistress knew that in civility she must have cut a much larger piece of bread for her than the meek old creature would dare to take for herself.

Nevertheless, Gudule helped herself so very sparingly, that the conscience-stricken hostess cut off a thigh of the chicken, and wrapping it in a napkin, offered it to the old woman, who was already preparing to depart. At the sight of the meat a flush of surprise and joy overspread her face.

"Holy Virgin! Dame Dennesens you are too kind! This is a meal fit for a prince," and she made a low courtesy.

"I am delighted that it gives you pleasure," re-

plied Dame Dennesens, elated with vanity. "Good evening!"

And placing it all in her little basket, she took the street leading to the other end of the town.

It was a stormy evening; the wind blew, the snow fell violently, but her only fear was that her piece of chicken would grow cold.

At last she came to a little house where she knocked. A girl's voice answered :

" Is it you, nurse ? "

" Yes, my child, open the door."

The door opened, and a girl appeared holding a lamp, who eagerly assisted Gudule to take off her cloak.

" Softly, softly, my child, there is something very nice in that basket. Madame Dennesens has given me a chicken thigh for supper."

So saying, Gudule seated herself at a little table and proceeded to divide the treasure into two equal parts, and placed one before the girl, who in vain tried to keep up an appearance of cheerfulness. At last her tears burst forth.

" He did not come to-day, then ? " asked Gudule.

" No."

" Well, perhaps something has delayed him, he will no doubt be here to-morrow, Elizabeth."

" Perhaps he has discovered by this time how foolish it is in him to place his affections on an orphan with no means of support except her own labour, and not a friend in the world but you, Gudule."

" You are an orphan, it is true ; but of one of the best families in Ameis, you have had a good education. Was not your father a great merchant ? "

" Yes, but misfortunes have ruined our family ; and since the death of my parents I am left alone, dependant upon you my good nurse, in your old age."

" Dependant upon me, Elizabeth, you are my joy, my consolation, what would become of me without you ? Cheer up, times will soon be better. Stop, I hear our dear good young man's footsteps ! "

Gudule advanced to open the door. A young man entered their humble dwelling.

The greeting was affectionate and sincere ; Elizabeth sat with a beating heart.

" It is a long time since we saw you last—three whole days. Our evenings have been so long and so solitary."

" Three whole days !" repeated the young man taking off his cloak, " and it is now three whole years that I have been vainly endeavouring to obtain enough to support you, as I should wish, and here I am, as poor, as unknown, as ever I was."

" Yes, Pierre," exclaimed Elizabeth, " your engagement to me is a weight upon you ; the sooner you throw it off the better. I have long felt what you have just told me, I reproach myself for allowing the curse of my poverty to burden you. Be to me hereafter as a brother. I shall suf-

fer at first, but it will be for the best,—I am accustomed to suffering."

"And is this the manner in which you appreciate my tenderness, my attachment. Have I not for three years laboured for you, to bring you one day a name of which you may be proud?"

"But even of this name I am ignorant, you are always enveloped in mystery, the neighbours look and laugh when they see you come in. Let us have no more foolish dreams, no more vain expectations."

"Elizabeth," replied the young man, his eyes filling with tears, "I have sworn to marry you, I will labour still in the blessed hope of fulfilling my oath; but as to yourself, if you choose to consider yourself free, I will oppose no obstacle."

"My children," cried old Gudule, "why is all this,—do not go away, Pierre, you love her, you know you do,—and she herself, how she has moped these last three days that you have not been here; and where else could you find a wife so good, so patient, so gentle. I tell you she is the best girl in the world; so kind to me who am only a servant of her honoured mother—here she stays and makes lace all day long, and really makes more money than I do,"—and the old woman joined their hands,—“come now, forget all those unkind words, which I am sure were repented of as soon as spoken, and be friends once more.—And now that you are reconciled,” added she, “I will go eat my piece of chicken.”

The aspect of the whole party was changed, Elizabeth became joyous, but Pierre was still disturbed ; he directed his steps, at his departure, towards a handsome dwelling house. As he entered, two pages hastened forward to take his cloak, a steward dressed in black approached him respectfully, and told him that a Spanish gentleman was waiting to give him a message from the Duke of Braganza.

The gentleman appeared at this moment and presented him a purse and a letter.

"Señor," replied Pierre, "Tell your master I will come to Villanova, not for the purpose he desires, but for my own amusement. I have there one hundred thousand pistoles, I will take three thousand of them to defray my expenses at Villanova."

He then passed into a rich chamber where servants attended him, whilst a secretary read him letters from different quarters. One of these was from the Archduke Albert, who complained bitterly of his project of leaving Flanders ; another bore the signature of the Duke of Buckingham, and announced the arrival of Michael Albano with a sum of sixty thousand florins. "This," said he, "may perhaps induce you to send me your cabinet of porphyry vases, agates, antique busts, and medals."

"Alas!" exclaimed Pierre, "fortune and glory are not happiness!" and sending away all his servants, he contemplated the portrait of his mother.

Elizabeth was still asleep the next morning when seven o'clock struck. Gudule got up suddenly, exclaiming, "Seven o'clock! what will Madame Dennesens say to me when she sees me come so late, she who is so exact?"

She dressed herself hastily, and hurried down the long street to the shop.

"Ah! Dame Gudule, you have not the strong limbs you had at fifteen," said Dame Dennesens, knowing that the increasing infirmities of age were the old woman's tenderest point.

"Yes, I am a quarter of an hour after the time."

"A quarter of an hour, rather say half an hour."

"Well, then I will stay half an hour longer in the evening."

"And burn a candle."

"Well then, what shall I do. Shall I go back again?"

"No matter, Gudule, let it rest—how did you find the chicken?"

"Excellent."

Upon this, M. Dennesens, a great stout man, came into the shop and accosted Gudule, saying, "Well Dame, what would you give to hear a piece of good news."

"Have you any to tell me?"

"Yes."

"I will give you whatever you ask."

"Well—I tell you that you are the heiress to the sum of fifty thousand florins!"

"Fifty thousand florins, oh, don't laugh at me, I know you are joking."

"No, it is true. Have you not near Verviers a cousin named Eustache Goffyn?"

"Yes, master, but he is a great deal younger than I am, and has two children."

"Well, he and his children are dead intestate, and you are left heiress to their immense farm."

Gudule at this news was overcome with emotion, her first idea was Elizabeth.

A few moments restored the old woman to her accustomed equanimity,—“Master Dennesens,” said she, “I am old and infirm, this money can do me very little good; it had much better be appropriated to my young mistress. I must make her believe it has been left to her, or she will never consent to accept it; she has distant relations that she has never seen, we must make her believe that one of them is dead, and has left her this money.”

To this Dennesens agreed.

“My dear Elizabeth has been engaged for a long time to a good young man; but so poor! Now they can be married. I pray you, Dame Dennesens, let me go home now, and attend to washing some clothes for her.”

“Certainly, Gudule, you are your own mistress now.”

An hour after the departure of Gudule, Elizabeth awoke, surprised to find how late she had slept. She was just dressed when a low knock was heard at the door.

It was Pierre !

He had been there but a short time, when Gudule burst in in breathless haste.

"Joy ! joy ! my children, you shall be married in two weeks."

"In two weeks !" exclaimed Pierre with surprise.

"Have you not told me a thousand times that it is your poverty alone which prevents your marriage ?"

"Well."

"Well, you are rich now !"

Pierre grew pale, "they have discovered my secret, the old woman has followed my footsteps. Perhaps it is only for my wealth they prize me—oh, dreadful thought !"

"I rich ?" repeated he—scarcely knowing what he said.

"No ! not you, but Elizabeth, it is all the same thing; she is the heiress of fifty thousand florins."

"I, Gudule ?"

"Yes, you my darling child, no more tears, no more poverty, only joy and happiness all our lives, la la la la la la la !" and the old woman danced round the room.

When she was able to compose herself, she explained to her eager listeners how some relatives of Elizabeth had left her fifty thousand florins.

"It is all yours Pierre ; take it and do as you please with it ; we can live on that, or if you please, open a shop—only so we can live together !"

"Yes, Elizabeth, we may indeed be married in two weeks : I have also a little secret to tell, but you are not to know it until the day of our marriage. My friends will arrange every thing for the wedding, leave all that to me and them—will you promise me this, and also, that you will not go out until that day."

"I will promise it."

He kissed her hand with emotion, whilst Gudule looked on saying, "In two weeks, in two weeks!"

The two weeks were busily employed by Gudule in preparing clothes for Elizabeth and herself for the wedding. For four days before the one fixed for this important occasion, Pierre did not make his appearance. Elizabeth sat at the window anxiously endeavouring to see him, but in vain. She was in despair—a dreadful foreboding occupied her mind. Perhaps he has forgotten me, perhaps I shall never see him again."

The wedding day came.

At eight in the morning Gudule was attired in her new dress, and began to dress Elizabeth ; but so great was the poor girl's agitation, and so certain had she now become of never beholding him more, that the affectionate nurse met with very little co-operation on her part.

Ten o'clock came !

The sound of music was heard in the street and they drew listlessly to the window, and were surprised by the sight of a splendid procession of

musicians, gentlemen, members of various societies, the burgomaster and secretary of the town, &c. The procession halted and ranged themselves in front of their little dwelling, to the great astonishment of Gudule and Elizabeth.

After this appeared Pierre, elegantly dressed; and as he approached the cry was heard:

“Long live Rubens!”

“Rubens!” exclaimed Elizabeth! “Rubens, the celebrated artist, of whom every one speaks with wonder and admiration! are you Rubens, Pierre?”

“Yes, Elizabeth, my fortune, my fame, all belong to you! But where is Gudule?”

“Here I am, here I am,” hallooed Gudule.

“My friends,” said Pierre, “here is Gudule.”

All heads were immediately uncovered.

“And now,” continued he, taking the hand of Elizabeth, “let us go to the cathedral, where the bishop is waiting to unite us.”

“Long live Rubens, long live Elizabeth Brant,” echoed the crowd.”



SECOND PART.

CHRISTMAS.

TEN years after the marriage of Peter Paul Rubens and Elizabeth Brant, old Gudule was seated at a table busily employed in filling two large pasteboard shoes with toys and confectionary.

A woman of about sixty was seated opposite to her, no other than Dame Dennesens her former mistress ; her present crony.

"These little tarts will please the children, Dame Dennesens ; see the sugar on them, it shines like diamonds. These cakes are too soft, but the little figures in the middle of them are beautiful ; the cream tarts are excellent. Make haste now, put the doll into Catharine's shoe, and the wooden St. Nicholas into Paul's, and put both in the chimney. Is every thing ready ?"

"Yes, Gudule, every thing is ready, nothing is wanting to the happiness of these children."

"Nothing, Dame Dennesens, except their mother," replied Gudule, with bitterness, "their mother!"

And the large tears fell slowly on the old woman's wrinkled and withered cheeks.

"To think," continued she, "how I nursed her through that dreadful fever ; the sweet patient

creature, she breathed her last in my old arms, it almost makes me doubt the justice of God. I think I see her now on her bed of pain, listening anxiously to every sound, asking, ‘Is it he, is it my husband coming?’ For he had been three months in Spain, and we wrote and wrote, but he did not come. At last one morning, ‘Gudule,’ said she, ‘bring the dear children here. Listen Gudule, you must be a mother to these children. I will confess to you what I never have mentioned to any one, that what I die of, is the grief for having lost the affection of my husband. He has long repented of having married so much beneath him; he is ashamed of me. To please him I should have dressed more, been gayer; if I had done so, I should not have had the misery of seeing him gradually withdraw his affection from me. But I have been too fond of home, too quiet for his lofty ambitious desires—but hark! is not that the noise of his carriage? No, it is nothing;’ and she buried her face in her hands.

Sobs interrupted Gudule’s voice.

“The day after her death,” she continued, “Rubens arrived. ‘Did she forgive me when dying?’ asked he of me.

“‘Her last breath was spent in uttering benedictions on you,’ replied I.

“He then entreated me to remain and take charge of his children, which you see I still do—I have never left them!”

"But," continued she, drying her tears, "it is Christmas, and we must be merry."

Gudule took then the two immense pasteboard shoes and went into Ruben's apartment.

The artist was pacing his room thoughtfully.
"Well, Gudule! how you are laden."

"Laden! yes indeed, sir. I never forget the children—I will put these presents in the chimney here. Paul! Catharine! come here my darlings."

The little girl came bounding in, leading her little brother, who could just walk. Gudule placed him in a little arm-chair, and concealing the presents with her apron, she turned laughing to Catharine.

"St. Nicholas has not been here!"

"Ah, Gudule, yes he has. I have been good all the week, and I put some hay on the hearth yesterday for his little horses to eat when they come down our chimney."

And turning quickly round, the little creature dragged aside the apron and discovered her treasures.

"Oh, the good Saint! oh, good Saint Nicholas, what a pretty doll!—with a silk petticoat, and a lace collar on her neck!—look, papa, look,—and cream tarts!"

During her transports Paul was quietly engaged in demolishing a piece of sugar-candy his nurse had given him.

"But," exclaimed Gudule, "Rubens, why are

you so sad and thoughtful on this merry day ; you take no part in your children's happiness."

" An important subject occupies my mind, Gudule."

" An important subject?"

" Yes, Gudule, my friends wish me to marry again."

Gudule crossed herself.

" My friends have proposed to me an honourable match ; they say the solitude I live in is injurious to my health."

" And you have refused it."

" Why——."

" You cannot have already forgotten our beloved Elizabeth ?"

Rubens was silent.

" And your children, your poor children, will you compel them to call another woman mother ?"

" You do not consider my position, Gudule ; I am lonesome and solitary—when I come home no one receives me."

" Your children receive you, and I could tell you of a woman, I will not say who, who day after day, and month after month, came home to this house and found no one to receive her."

" Gudule !"

" Oh, forgive me, forgive me, I do not know what I say, my head was turned when you talked of marrying. But I implore you, in the name of Elizabeth, of your children, not to take such a step !"

"Calm yourself my good woman, nothing is as yet decided upon."

And he left the room.

Helen Froment belonged to one of the noblest and richest families in the town. She had rejected with disdain the hand of many a merchant in her native place; but when Rubens, with his fame, his glory, sued at her feet, she smiled on him. They had the same tastes, the same associations; both rich and noble and highly educated, they seemed well suited to each other.

It is not to be wondered at then, that Rubens was anxious for such a union; the only obstacle was Gudule, he could hardly make up his mind to endure all the reproaches he knew she would heap upon him.

As to Gudule herself, her distress was very great; it seemed to her a profanation of the memory of her beloved Elizabeth, and a certain means of destroying the children's happiness for life.

It may be imagined how distressing was the command to take the children to see Helen Froment.

Gudule dressed both of them in the deepest mourning, and repeating to them that they were going to see a lady who would soon prevent them from praying for their dear mother, she took Paul in her arms, gave her hand to the little girl, and approached the house.

As they passed through the numerous anti-

chambers, the servants cast contemptuous looks on the old fashioned dress of Gudule, this irritated the old woman—they were conducted into her ladyship's apartment, where she was at her toilet. She hastened, although only half clothed, to the door, and embraced the little Paul, who too young to understand any thing of the circumstances, stretched out his little arms to her. But Catherine turned away her little head and cried.

“Mamma Elizabeth!—mamma Elizabeth!”

“Don't cry my sweet little one. I will be a mother to you.—Shall I not?”

And she took her on her knees.

“No—no—said the child, you will never let me pray for mamma Elizabeth!”

“Who told you that?”

“It was—”

“It was I, madam,” answered Gudule haughtily, “and is it not true, are you not coming to take the place of their own mother, to estrange their father from them, and to destroy their happiness forever?”

“My child,” said Helen, turning again to Catherine, “you are mistaken, far from preventing you from praying for your mother, we will pray for her together—here is a pledge for my promise,” and she gave the wondering child a rosary.”

Catherine charmed with the rich present, held it up to the light.

“You also, dear Paul, shall have a pretty present, here are some sugar plums for you. You



can go now, Dame Gudule, I will send the children home this evening."

"I cannot leave them, woman, give me my children. Come Catherine, come with me."

But Catherine was too much amused with the variety of pretty things around her to wish to depart, and Paul enjoyed his sugar plums also well enough to be willing to remain.

And almost heart-broken, Gudule left the house.

Before long, Rubens himself appeared, and was charmed to behold Helen playing on the floor with his children.

"They have found a mother!"

"Say rather, a play-fellow," replied Helen, "we will be so happy together, won't we little Kate?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Rubens, I ask one favour of you, it is the first; I am sure you will not refuse me. When I come to your house, let me not behold that old woman who was here this morning—send her away."

"Gudule?"

"Yes, Gudule, that cross old servant."

"Gudule is not a servant, she has the care of the children."

"You prefer her then to me—but know that I will never consent to enter a house ruled by that woman; the very personification of hatred and ill-nature."

And she burst into tears.

"Papa," said little Catherine, "you are very wicked to make our pretty Helen cry."

Rubens sighed profoundly, and said mournfully, "You shall be obeyed."

Helen's beautiful face was again lighted up with smiles. But Rubens sat thoughtful and melancholy.

On quitting the house, Gudule's agitation and distress were so great that she wandered about the streets, scarcely knowing whither she went. Her thoughts were of the bitterest nature. She had seen the children of her Elizabeth preferring a stranger to herself. "Holy Virgin!" exclaimed she, "do not abandon me entirely. I will go home; I shall see the children again, and that will calm me. Children at that age are always so; but I will buy them sugar-plums and golden rosaries to win them back again to me."

In this manner she tried to console herself until she reached her home.

"Are the children here?"

"No, they have not come back yet, but Rubens himself is here, and has been asking for you."

Gudule shivering all over sought his apartment.

At the sight of her Rubens shed tears. Gudule fell at his feet sobbing.

"Forgive me, forgive me! master. If she takes my children from me, they will forget their old nurse."

"My good Gudule, you have done yourself a great injury—after your behaviour this morning,

it is impossible for my future wife to live in this house with you."

"She drives me away, then!"—a paroxysm of fury seized her—

"No! no!—do not let her send me away. Leave me with my children—tell her I will never say a word more against her. I will say she is as good as she is beautiful. If she chooses I will never present myself before her; she shall never see me—I will serve her—I will adorn her with the jewels that belonged to my Elizabeth—I will try to love her! She ought not to attach any importance to the angry words I spoke this morning. She should consider I am a foolish old woman.—Messire Rubens, have mercy on me, and leave me with my beloved children."

"Poor Gudule."

"I should die, Sir—and how would you feel to have it said, that you and she were the cause of my death?"

"Well, Gudule, come with me. We will go and entreat the lady to revoke this determination."

Gudule consented willingly to this humiliating measure. Helen consented to allow her to remain with the children.

The next day the marriage was celebrated.

From this time the happiness of Gudule's life was past.

Experience had taught her on what slight grounds the attachments of children are formed. She loaded them with toys and confectionary, and

never contradicted them, and bore with all their caprices, which were many.

But her hardest task was to endeavour to please her new mistress. She flattered her and cringed to her in a manner which only disgusted her instead of pleasing—she concealed her own affection for the children and theirs for her, and repeated and exaggerated any professions of attachment to their step-mother, which they might express. But it was impossible to prevent the original breach from widening, and poor Gudule lived in the constant dread of being turned out of the house.

As to Rubens, he was entirely devoted to his glorious art, and knew nothing of the domestic broils. His house was handsome; his entertainments were given on a splendid scale; his wife graced them by her beauty and the splendour of her dress, and that was enough for him.

THE LAST SACRIFICE.

THE most brilliant fete given at Rubens's house was the one about a year after their marriage. The splendid castle of Steen, where they resided, had never beheld so noble an assembly: Buckingham, the favourite of Charles the First; Gaston d'Orleans, son of Mary of Medicis; the Chevalier Verhulst; Guaertes, secretary of Anvers; Jansens, and Kolberger, rivals and friends of Ru-

bens; Teniers; Van Dyk, and others. The apartments and galleries were brilliantly lighted; the music echoed through the castle, and gave additional animation to the beautiful creatures glittering with diamonds, and clad in velvet and satin. Amongst these, Rubens's wife shone pre-eminent, delighted with the notice she excited. Buckingham could not repress his admiration, and the simple and timid Sneyders seemed to forget his shyness beneath the radiance of her smiles.

"Will you not come to the court of England?" asked Buckingham.

"Oh, if Madame meditated such a removal, we should be obliged to raise the standard of war against England," replied Van Dyk.

"And if we were beaten, we should entreat you to take us prisoners," exclaimed Sneyders.

"No! my fine gentlemen," replied Helen—"no! we will never leave our own Flanders, dearer to her children than Italy itself—is it not so, Jordaen and Van Dyk?"

At this moment a cry of fire was heard without.

Whirlwinds of flame rose tempestuously over the house; the company fled; every thing was in confusion.

"Where are the children?" screamed Helen.

"They are safe! here they are," said Rubens.

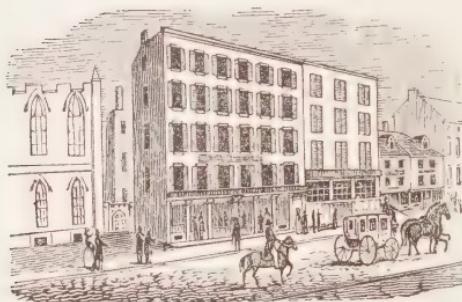
Helen pressed them to her breast. "See," cried Rubens, "there is some one in the most dangerous part of the building. Stop! stop!" called he at the top of his voice.

38 GOOD GUDULE, THE FAITHFUL OLD NURSE.

But the figure heeded him not. It advanced slowly! It was Gudule, looking for the children!

"They are safe! come back!" called Rubens. But it was too late. At the sound, "They are safe!" the old woman uttered a cry of joy.

In another moment the roof fell in and crushed her to death.





THE SHEPHERD.



SINGLE Shepherd and his dog will accomplish more in gathering a stock of sheep from a Highland farm, than twenty shepherds could do without dogs; and it is a fact, that without this docile animal, the pastoral life would be a mere blank. Without the shepherd's dog, the whole of the open mountainous land in Scotland would not be worth a sixpence. It would require more hands to manage a stock of sheep, gather them from the hills, force them into houses and folds, and drive them to markets, than the profits of the whole stock would be capable of maintaining. Well may the Shepherd feel an interest in his dog; he it is indeed that earns the family's bread, of which he is himself content with the smallest morsel; always grateful, and always ready to exert his utmost abilities in his master's interest. Neither hunger, fatigue, nor the worst of treatment, will drive him from his side; he will follow him through fire and water, as the saying is, and through every hardship, without murmur

or repining, till he literally falls down dead at his foot. If one of them is obliged to change masters, it is sometimes long before he will acknowledge the new one, or condescend to work for him with the same willingness as he did for his former lord; but if he once acknowledge him, he continues attached to him till death; and though naturally proud and high-spirited in as far as relates to his master, these qualities (or rather failings) are kept so much in subordination, that he has not a will of his own.

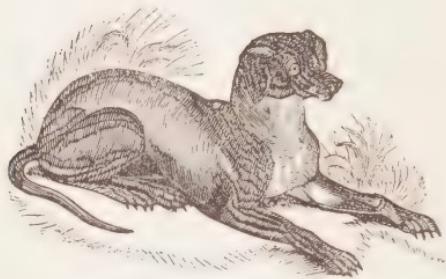
My own renowned Hector, says the Ettrick Shepherd, was the son and immediate successor of the faithful old Sirrah; and though not nearly so valuable a dog, he was a far more interesting one. He had three times more humour and whim; and though exceedingly docile, his bravest acts were mostly tinctured with a grain of stupidity, which showed his reasoning faculty to be laughably obtuse.

I shall mention a striking instance of it. I was once at the farm of Shorthope, in Ettrick head, receiving some lambs that I had bought, and was going to take to market, with some more, the next day. Owing to some accidental delay, I did not get final delivery of the lambs till it was growing late; and being obliged to be at my own house that night, I was not a little dismayed lest I should scatter and lose my lambs if darkness overtook me. Darkness did overtake me by the time I got half way, and no ordinary darkness for an August evening. The lambs, having been weaned that

day, and of the wild black-faced breed, became exceedingly unruly, and for a good while I lost hopes of mastering them. Hector managed the point, and we got them safe home; but both he and his master were alike sore forefoughten. It had become so dark, that we were obliged to fold them with candles; and after closing them safely up, I went home with my father and the rest to supper. When Hector's supper was set down, behold he was wanting! and as I knew we had him at the fold, which was within call of the house, I went out and called and whistled on him for a good while; but he did not make his appearance. I was distressed about this; for, having to take away the lambs next morning, I knew I could not drive them a mile without my dog, if it had been to save me the whole drove.

The next morning, as soon as it was day, I arose, and enquired if Hector had come home. No; he had not been seen. I knew not what to do; but my father proposed that he would take out the lambs and herd them, and let them get some meat to fit them for the road; and that I should ride with all speed to Shorthope, to see if my dog had gone back there. Accordingly, we went together to the fold to turn out the lambs, and there was poor Hector sitting trembling in the very middle of the fold door, on the inside of the flake that closes it, with his eyes still steadfastly fixed on the lambs. He had been so hardly set with them after it grew dark, that he durst not for his

life leave them, although hungry, fatigued and cold; for the night had turned out a deluge of rain. He had never so much as lain down, for only the small spot that he sat on was dry, and there had he kept watch the whole night. Almost any other colley would have discerned that the lambs were safe enough in the fold; but Hector had not been able to see through this. He even refused to take my word for it; for he durst not quit his watch, though he heard me calling both at night and morning.



THE GIFT.



N one of the pleasantest villages in New England, there resided a quiet and respectable family, consisting of a pious old couple and their granddaughter Emma; they were esteemed by all the villagers as clever and interesting neighbours. They lived in a beautiful cottage by the side of a shady orchard—they desired but to contribute to each others pleasure—they possessed but one heart. Their door was ever open to decrepit age and helpless infancy. The poor always knew where to find assistance; for these good people were the friends of the distressed. In their conversation they were serious, but rather agreeable than otherwise, and their behaviour was affable and courteous to all. In their early years they were endeared to each other by a long acquaintance which had ripened into an ardent attachment; and in their old days they still had the same sentiments for each other; by assiduity and attention they rendered themselves comfortable, so that, in their

old age, the cares of the world pressed but lightly on them ; and, for honesty, integrity, and piety, they occupied an elevated position in the village.

They took much pride in their grand-daughter Emma, who certainly was a promising little girl, and if attention in her education, and a regulation of her temper, which was naturally gentle, was all that was necessary, she truly was a jewel with which they could not have parted without regret. Often, and often, did the old dame sit and watch the smiling and cheerful Emma playing among the flowers in the garden, or with Carlo, her little dog ; and while thus witnessing her innocent and girlish sports, she would offer an inward prayer to the great Disposer of all things, that she might be spared to comfort them in their old age. Emma too, was conscious of her grandma's love, and tried all her little tricks to please her.

One Sabbath morning, when Emma came from school ; she ran up to her grandmother, and with a joyful countenance told her that on the following Wednesday, the superintendents of the school had determined that the children, with the permission of their parents or guardians, should go on an excursion to the woods, and there spend the day in an appropriate manner. As soon as she had told this, she requested her permission to accompany the scholars. Her grandmother replied that probably she would have no objection to her going, but that she would herself see the superintendent in the afternoon, and give her an

answer on her return from meeting. Emma, who knew that her grandmother would let her go if it was proper, willingly consented, and after dinner quietly walked to school.

When Emma returned home, she ran to her grandmother and asked whether she had yet determined to let her go on the excursion.

"My dear," replied the old dame, "I have spoken to your superintendent, and I believe you can go. Remember to behave well, and if you should be a good girl, I will present you with something handsome—something that you lately desired to possess."

"Oh! dear grandma!" exclaimed Emma in a breath, "do tell me what it is. I will behave so much better if you tell me!"

"Emma, you must learn to have patience. Be patient then, and if you deserve the present, it will occasion greater pleasure than if you previously knew what it was. If you do not merit it, your disappointment will be less. Now, Emma, you can go on Wednesday."

"Oh! grandma, you are very kind! I will be a good girl; and I am so glad that you will let me go."

Early on the next Wednesday, after the good dame had taken her morning's walk, and observed the sun, and she retraced her steps to the cottage, where Emma was all expectation. During her grandma's walk, the servants had dressed her in a neat white frock, and her hair was beautifully

entwined with flowers, which made her appear as smiling and as agreeable as a little nymph. She ran to her grandmother and imprinted a kiss on her furrowed cheek, and then joined her anxious companions, who awaited her at the door. Emma was soon amongst them, and the whole group walked in silent procession to the school room, when being joined by their teachers, and the remainder of the sabbath school scholars, they proceeded to a beautiful wood, about two miles from the village, and there, after singing a hymn, they scattered in little companies and began to amuse themselves.

Emma and her companions went to a secluded spot, shaded by tall oaks, and rendered cool and pleasant by a fine breeze from the south, a rippling stream also rolled on near the place where they put up a swing. The forenoon passed pleasantly on without any interruption to their innocent sports. But in the afternoon some of the older girls came up to the group, and after taking a few swings they romped about on the green meadows. Emma refused to join in their rude sports, and quietly sat down by the side of the gurgling stream; but she had scarcely seated herself, when one of the larger girls, named Mary, ran up to her and asked her whether she had seen her handkerchief.

"No," replied Emma, "I have not seen it. If I had I certainly would have enquired whose it was."

"But you *have* got it," retorted the rude girl, "my cousin told me you had it, and you had better give it me at once. You know very well where it is. Give it me!"

"Indeed, I do not know any thing of your handkerchief. I have not seen it, and you know I dare not tell a lie."

"Oh! Emma, you're telling one now," and without saying another word Mary gave the little Emma a push on the back, which tumbled her from her seat, and she lay on the ground with part of her white frock completely wet and covered with mud. As soon as she scrambled to her feet, she burst into tears, and gently reproached her rude companion for her ill-treatment.

"Oh! Mary, you have spoiled my new frock, and my new shoes, and I don't know what grandma will say!"

"Indeed, Emma," replied the repentant Mary, "indeed I did not mean to push you so hard. I did wrong, Emma, very wrong, and I am sorry for what I have done. Do not be angry, dear Emma," and her eyes filled with tears, as she clasped Emma round the neck, and shed her repentant tears on her bosom.

"Oh! Mary! dear Mary! I forgive you. Do not cry. You did not mean to push me into the water."

"Emma, you are very kind. You are a good girl, and I am very sorry for what I did."

The superintendent, who had been watching the

children all the while, now came up to where Mary was trying to wash the mud from Emma's frock. He came near them before they were aware of his approach, and he heard the last words of their conversation. He then showed himself.

"Emma, what is the matter?" asked he, "How came you to wet your frock so?"

"It was I who did it," replied Mary, "I pushed her, but I am very sorry, and Emma has forgiven me."

Mary then told him that she had lost her handkerchief, and her cousin told her that Emma had concealed it. She told him that Emma had denied that she had it, or knew any thing about it, and that in a passion, she gave her a violent push, which tumbled her into the stream, and thus her shoes and frock were covered with mud.

The superintendant kindly accompanied Emma home, and there related the behaviour of the two girls, adding that Mary certainly did very wrong, but that her being so ingenuous as to confess candidly her fault, fully made up for her hasty action. Emma's grandmother concurred in this opinion, and the silent Emma, on hearing her grandmother speak so favourably, ran to her, and clinging round her neck, bedewed her face with grateful tears.

"Well Emma," said the good dame, after Emma released her hold, "you have merited your present. What think you it is?"

"Oh! indeed, I cannot guess! Do give it me. I've waited so long!"

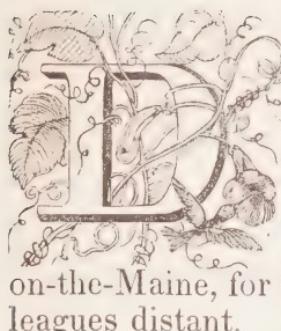
"Here it is," cried the old dame, "is it not beautiful?" and she produced a handsome musical box, with Emma's name engraved upon a silver plate on the top.

"Oh! a musical box! Dear grandmama, it is what I wished for, the other day, when uncle had one here and showed it to me. Dear grandmama, you are very kind!"



THE GERMAN FOREST.

“A rainbow in the morning,
Is the Shepherd’s warning.”



ID you ever see a rainbow, half weeping, half smiling through the air of a cold March morning? On such a morning, and with a long journey before them, did Adam Hoffer and his son Eugene leave Frankfort-on-the-Maine, for the town of Ursal, about sixteen leagues distant.

The object of their journey was a melancholy one. Adam had but just lost the partner of a long life, and Eugene, who had before been bereft of his parents, his grandmother. The poor old grandfather was without a relation residing near him, and was now travelling to find sympathy in those who ought before to have afforded it to him —his son and daughter, uncle and aunt to Eugene.

It very often happens, my young friends, that in families where love and harmony ought to reign, discord and confusion, and every evil feeling, too



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often dwell ; such was the case with the family of which I am now speaking. The members of it had long been estranged from each other, and had not visited for years. Upon the death of his wife, Adam had written to his son, but received no answer, and was hastening on his journey to discover the cause.

One principal reason of the disagreement in this family was the preference which Adam had shown for his poor little grandson, and his deceased mother. She became a widow in early life, when Eugene appearing so much the delight of his grandfather and his grandmother, it was feared by Joceline, the elder son of the old man, that Eugene would, in some way or other, deprive him of that which he considered as his right.

When, therefore, the poor old grandmother died—own mother to Joceline—so little was he affected by it, that, instead of travelling off immediately, he pleaded various excuses within himself, and forbore even writing, as he ought to have done—contenting himself by intending to be time enough for the funeral.

Ah ! it is not only at the funeral that a heart-broken old man should retain the sympathy of his children ; but also in the long dreary time between the day of death and that of interment, when the house is darkened, and the footsteps go lightly about it, and nurses and strangers are taking advantage of every little matter, to the detriment of the survivor. Then is the time friends and rela-

tions are most welcome, and not when the body is laid in the earth.

With such reflections as these, Adam and his grandson journeyed on. The rainbow rose before him, but the old man could not look upon it as a type of hope. The day of his hopes was past, and he looked rather to the grave and its peace, than for any thing which the world could afford.

They travelled on silently for some distance, and passed by the church and grave-yard, where the grandmother was at rest. The grave-diggers were then opening the earth; the old man went up to it; it was a sorrowful sight. He looked at the men, and turned away, with his eyes full of tears.

“Is that for grandmother, papa?” said Eugene.

“It is, my child,” said the old man: “would it were for me also.”

“Stop till I grow a man, dear papa,” said Eugene.

“Aye, boy, that is well said—I would I could stay till thou art a man, for what wouldest thou be in the wide world alone!”

“But you told me the other day that I was never alone, grandpapa; that God was ever near to me, and knew what I said, and what I thought, and what I did; and I was so glad to hear you say so, because I often thought good things about you, dear grandpapa.”

“God would be with thee,” said the old man, “who would guard and keep thee if I were gone;

but come, let us hasten, or we shall be far from our journey's end before nightfall."

So away they trudged as steadily as they could. Adam was helped along by his staff, and the little fellow sometimes ran and sometimes walked by his side.

They went on for several leagues, and at last Adam, taking a bottle from his pocket, and a handkerchief, produced some food, and both sat down under the shelter of a fine large beech-tree, which grew on the confines of a wood, where they regaled themselves.

"We had better begin and end our meal here," said the old man, "for we shall be some hours in striking through the forest, and have little time to idle; the sun is high up, too, we should think of twelve o'clock." So they took their dinner as hastily as possible, and then rising, followed an unfrequented path directly through the forest.

A cold east wind whistled through the trees, and the birds seemed afraid to venture out in the cutting blast; scarcely a note was heard. The half-dried green and last autumnal leaves were pale upon the ground; here and there a violet and cowslip sprang up, but little was to be seen either to delight or cheer.

By some means or other, during a heavy storm of hail and sleet, which fell about four o'clock, the old man, whose eyes were dim with age, mistook his path, and, just as the day was about to close, found that he had done so. "Alas!" said he,

"we have mistaken our path, and we shall be benighted in the forest."

"Let us make haste," said Eugene, who was already crying with the cold, and very tired; so they exerted themselves as much as they were able. Their legs at last failed them; the one very weak through youth, and the other through age. "We must stop here for the night," said the old man.

So they began to collect the dried leaves and grass from under the trees where the hail had not fallen, and placed them in a craig or cave, which allowed them both room to lie down. The darkness fell round them while at this task, and before they could well finish it it was night.

The old man pulled off his outer garment and threw it over himself and his grandson, and after having again partaken of some bread and ham, with the contents of their flask, spread themselves down to rest, and in a short time both fell fast asleep.

During their slumbers a storm arose, and the snow and hail fell in large quantities. It was pitch dark. Eugene was awakened by something warm at his face loudly breathing, and, before he could call out to his grandfather, felt himself lifted up by the grubbing snout of a wild boar.

He screamed dreadfully; the animal rushed upon him and held him down with his fore feet. The old man rose, and belaboured the animal with

his staff, but to little purpose; it still kept its huge tusks at the throat of the child.

At last the old man thought of an expedient to drive the animal off, and, taking out his snuff-box, threw a handful of the pungent dust full in the eyes of the savage creature, which gave a dreadful howl and turned upon the old man.

It rubbed its nose and eyes with its fore paws, and tumbled about in great agony, during which time both the unfortunate victims of its rage withdrew to a short distance. As soon as the pain had subsided, the boar again made a turn towards the old man and his grandson, who ran and dodged him among the trees; at last, however, they got separated. The old man, in his eagerness to get away from the wild animal, fell over a precipice, and was soon buried in the accumulated snows of a deep dell, and, in his fall, lost sensation.

Eugene called and called, but to no purpose. He had climbed a tree for his safety. After calling for some time and hearing no answer, he was afraid to descend, and remained in the tree all night.

As soon as it was dawn, he discovered his poor grandfather almost lifeless; he could neither make him hear or speak: he appeared to be dead—but that his heart beat. Eugene knew not what to do.

He, however, instead of staying and crying, as some children would, made the determination of immediately finding the way out of the forest to solicit assistance; and that he might know his path

back again, took the precaution to scatter along the way as he went, branches of the fern, or other shrubs. He also hallooed with all his strength.

He went on for several miles, whooping and hallooing; but no sound answered him. At last, as the day grew bright, he thought he heard the sound of a distant horn. He hallooed again. It was answered. In a short time a number of footmen or horsemen appeared; one, who seemed the principal, was dressed in a suit of green, and had a golden bugle by his side. "They are four hunters," said Eugene; "I will tell them of the track of the boar."

Before, however, he came near enough to the hunters to effect his purpose, they came suddenly upon a fine deer whom the dogs immediately brought to bay. Then the chief of the hunters put his golden bugle to his mouth to call in the whole company, and Eugene saw the dogs worry the poor deer until at last he was killed. The company were then ready to resume the hunt of the boar.

Eugene had obtained a prejudice against hunters. He thought that those who hunted for sport, could not be very kind-hearted, and so he resolved to say nothing about his grandsire's condition, but to tell them of the boar.

He immediately offered to show the hunters the boar's track, and retraced his way backwards. He was placed on one of the horses, and in a very



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short time found himself at the spot where his grandsire lay.

"The boar! The boar!" said the young man in green.

"Save my grandfather," said the little boy.

"Tell us of the boar," said the young man.

"Here are his foot-marks," replied Eugene.

"And there he is," said the hunter, trying to raise up the stranger. "Halloo!"

The dogs immediately dashed down the declivity; the boar was roused from his bloody meal; the chase commenced, and a furious battle ensued between him and the dogs.

The animal ran this way and that way—overthrew several horses—lamed more than one of the hunters; at last he came near Eugene, who had already desired one of the spears to defend himself. "Strike, boy, strike!" said several.

Eugene did as he was desired, and, with great dexterity, plunged his spear into the animal's side, which ran away with it, but in a few seconds fell down dead.

The hunters were loud in their praises of Eugene. They placed him on one of their horses. The old grandfather was conveyed back to Frankfurt; and the principal hunter, who was one of the German princes, was so pleased with Eugene, that he adopted him as his own, and made him his page.

"Now you will have a protector," said the old grandfather; "and I may die."

“No, not yet,” said Eugene.

The old man did not die, but lived to see his grandson grow up a handsome, brave, and useful man—as all will who exercise *discretion* and *fortitude*.





THE HUT IN THE WILDERNESS; OR, BROTHERS AND SISTERS.



EW of you there are, who have not heard, ere now, of the Hottentots, and the wilds of Africa. Whether you have or have not, the following tale will, I am sure be welcome.

There was, a short time ago, an honest Dutchman, named Van Voorst; he dwelt in the city of Amsterdam, which, you know, is one of the principal cities in Holland. This man was so unfortunate as to be elected chief magistrate of the city; and a very high honour it was, and so Van Voorst thought it.

This worthy citizen had amassed a considerable fortune. He had property in ships, in merchandise, and in houses; he had also a considerable quantity of land, a portion of which he let out to the poor at a low rate, that they might cultivate for their families, and bring them up in comfort by the sweat of industry.

When Van Voorst was elected Mayor, all the

belles of Amsterdam were set ringing. The ships in the harbour, or port, were decked out in the gaudiest colours. A grand ball was given in the Town Hall; and the whole city seemed determined to be merry, and do homage in smiles to the newly-elected magistrate.

Mrs. Van Voorst, the loving wife of the worthy man, was over-joyed at the idea of her being the first lady of the city. She ran to her husband in the midst of the gayety, and, throwing her arms about his neck, said, "Oh, my dear, dear Van; did I ever think of living to see this day!"

Voorst was smoking at the time, and the vehemence of his lady knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and the pipe out of his mouth. This Van Voorst considered an unlucky omen, as he made use of the circumstance to explain to his wife what his feelings were in regard to his new honours so suddenly thrust upon him. "Wife!" said he, "you have put my pipe out."

"And where is the harm?" said the lady. "Do not light it again till you smoke it in the great Hall of Amsterdam."

"What! deprive me of my pipe for a week—a day—an hour? No, Mrs. Van Voorst; honour and dignity is, to my mind, poor in comparison with comfort. As thou hast smote my pipe, so will my chief magistracy deprive me, I fear, of many a snug nap by the fire-side in winter, and many a cool tankard in my summer-house in summer. I think I shall pay the fine."

"Pay the fine! No, indeed," said Mrs. Voorst; "I would rather die, than my dear husband should not be a Mayor." (And here the good-tempered lady smiled at Mr. Van Voorst, and fondled and patted him on the shoulder, as if she loved him more and more.) "And then to see you in your furred cap, and the mace carried before you, or standing out from the carriage-window,—and then the Sword of State, which is almost as tall as you are high,—and the Town Council and city authorities, and—hark! there are the bells again! You are elected, you know, and must serve."

Ah, poor Mr. Van Voorst knew what his lady did not know, "that it is not all gold that glitters." He was under some embarrassments, which, although they did not shake his immediate credit, yet required economy and time to enable him to meet any unusual demand upon him. He reflected that the office was an expensive one; and although, by making some sacrifices, he could support its dignity throughout the year, yet he feared that, like the seven years of famine that succeeded the seven years of plenty in the land of Egypt, himself and family would afterwards have to pinch for it.

However, partly to gratify his wife, his friends, and his children, who, young as they were, had sense enough to know that it was grand to ride in a fine coach, and to hear the music playing before them; to gratify others principally, and a little pride and vanity at the bottom of his own heart;

Van Voorst determined, though still in opposition to a little quaking within him, which said, " You had better not, master, accept the mayoralty."

Accordingly, when the time arrived, he was duly installed in office. He rode through all the leading streets in the city in the state coach, was presented to the king, as was the custom for him to be, and began to exercise his judgment in settling various differences between citizens.

While thus busily employed, the counting house lost his presence, and as when "the cat is away the mice will play," so the clerks and underlings of the business neglected it, and insurances were not effected as they ought to have been, nor bills noted at the proper time, nor taken up as they became due; so that in a very short time Van Voorst, on looking over his affairs one Sunday, when he had stopped away from church under pretence of illness for that especial purpose, found that, like the crab at Midsummer, he was progressing backward.

It is true his mayoralty was nearly out, but then the mischief was done; and before he could well turn himself to put things straight, to dismiss his neglectful servants, and to engage others, news was brought that two of his largest vessels had been lost, and all their merchandise." "Well," thought he, "I am glad they are insured;" so he enquired for the policy. He was informed that in the hurry of business this had been neglected.

A part of the lands which Van Voorst had pur-

chased, had been reclaimed from the sea, as much land in Holland is. Before he had been Mayor, it was his custom, at the equinoxes, to go down to the embankments, and, taking his pipe with him, walk backwards and forwards on the bank every day, till they had been put in a complete state of security. In the year of the mayoralty he had, however, neglected this necessary service, and the same gale that sank his two ships, raised such a swell and tide of water, that upwards of one thousand acres of fine pasturage were placed under the bottom of the sea, from whence they had been taken. These two disasters would have broken the heart of any man but that of a Dutchman. Van Voorst exclaimed, “ Well, God’s will be done !”—charging upon the Almighty the evil that he suffered, when, in truth, it was to be really attributed to the ill advice of his wife—his want of courage to decline an office which an inward conviction informed him it was wrong for him to accept ; for, had he attended to his business, as he would have done but for his “ dignities,” he would have effected the insurance of his vessels, and shored up the sea-wall as usual.

This was not all ; for, as soon as his losses were generally known, his creditors began to press for money. One of them, who had always been his enemy in disguise, sued out a legal process for five thousand florins ; and Van Voorst was obliged to sell the house in which he lived to raise it. Other creditors followed the example of the first,

and in a few weeks the late Mayor of Amsterdam found himself almost a beggar..

This, however, did not grieve him so much as the remarks and taunts of his worthy spouse, who, instead of consoling him in his misfortune, lost no opportunity in attributing it to his neglect and mismanagement. Her relations and friends joined in the reproof; the towns-people took up the cry; and poor Van Voorst was at last as much despised as previously he had been honoured.

The end of all these disasters was, that Van Voorst was obliged to make what money he could of his available property, and to go away into another country, where he might be free from the taunts and sneers of his own native place. So he determined to leave Holland entirely, and emigrate to the Cape of Good Hope, as the swallows are said to do.

Mynheer Van Voorst had only two children, a girl and boy; the eldest not quite eleven years old. The name of the girl was Catherine; and that of the boy, Albert.

These two children loved each other dearly, as all good children do. They did not know much about their father's misfortunes, but they thought it strange that they no longer continued to ride in a fine coach, and that, instead of having servants to wait on them, they were forced to wait on themselves. They thought it a pity, too, to see all the fine furniture, and the house and flowers, and the horses and toys, sold to other people, who

took them away. They did not, however, repine, although their mother would sit and weep for days together.

Their poor father had saved one ship out of the wreck of all his property; she was a brig, named after the little girl, and called the *Catherine*. In this vessel M. Van Voorst took up his residence. He turned the hold into a large cabin, and the forecastle into a kitchen—the original cabin was set apart for bed-rooms; and so they were not without a house and home, you see.

At last the time arrived for their departure to a foreign clime, and the father, mother, and children took leave of their country with tearful eyes. However, Van Voorst trusted in God, and looked for better days. "Holland," said he to his family, "is a happy country; but there is a world elsewhere."

So away went the good brig *Catherine*, full sail, from the mouth of the Scheldt. The wind was fair. They passed by the white coasts of England and France, and in a few hours found themselves on the bosom of the broad Atlantic. The sun after this shone very brightly, the heat grew intense, and in less than a fortnight it was quite summer weather, although the snow was on the ground when the emigrants left Holland.

Several weeks did the ship sail on the broad ocean. Day after day did Catherine and Albert look for land; but no—nothing was to be seen but sky and water, and cloud and sunshine. At last,

after many more days of wearisome sailing, they reached the Cape of Good Hope.

The Cape of Good Hope is, as you know, the extreme point of the vast continent of Africa. It is inhabited by the English. There are a bold peak and high mountain above the town, and the aspect of them is grand and sublime. The interior of the country, for 200 miles from the coast, is inhabited by Dutch and English settlers.

Many years before Van Voorst had purchased some thousand acres of land on the margin of a very fertile river, a hundred miles from the Cape; it was his object now to cultivate this land, and to live on the produce.

So, after hiring several labourers, the family soon departed to the district of Van Spraken, to take possession of their estate. The country through which they passed was wild and tedious—high mountains on one side, and dark woods growing all along their sides. At night, too, they heard the cry of wild beasts, the hiss of serpents, and the roar of lions.

They passed on, however, without molestation, in a wagon drawn by eight oxen, followed by several smaller vehicles drawn in the like manner. At night they hoisted a thick awning round them, and, drawing their little community together, retired to rest.

It was a dark and stormy night, and the wind blew boisterously; at last it lulled entirely, and a sultry thick darkness overspread the atmosphere.

The thunder was heard in the distance. Van Voorst went forth to look at the weather, and immediately something sprang upon him—it was a lion!

All now was consternation and terror; but Mrs. Van Voorst, at that time sitting up to iron some of her caps and frills, seized one of the red-hot frill-irons, and, rushing to the assistance of her spouse, placed it under the nose of the animal, which made him let go immediately. The sequel was, however, fatal to the poor woman; for the lion turned upon her, and, with a blow of his paw, struck her senseless, and the next moment, seizing her in his teeth, dashed with her into his jungle.

The labourers and Mr. Van Voorst, and Albert and Catherine, all rushed in search of the poor lady, the former firing at random into the wood; at last they came to a spot where they found both the lion and Mrs. Van Voorst lying dead side by side.

Poor Catherine and Albert were now left without a mother, and did, indeed, lament the day when they left their native land. Mr. Van Voorst was, however, resigned, and, taking Catherine in his arms, said, "You must now be mistress of the family, and take your dear mother's place."

After the cruel disaster of the lion, it was impossible for Mr. Van Voorst to stop in the district of Van Spraken. The family, therefore, retraced their way to the Cape; and, embarking

thence, steered for the shores of North America ; and entering New Orleans Bay, steered their way along the Mississippi.

After some weeks of travelling, both by land and water, they reached the wild districts in which land was purchased of the American Government ; and, at last, the family settled down on a far more delightful spot than the district of Van Spraken.

The country of this district was very different from any the poor children had seen before. There were no houses, no roads, no paths, no nice hedges, or fields, or pastures ; but, instead, one vast waste or wilderness, which stretched as far as the eye could reach ; bounded, to the east, by an extensive forest ; and, to the west, by a still more extensive prairie.

Do you know what a prairie is ? It is a wide plain which extends for several hundred miles in all directions. Over some of these extensive portions of the earth man has never set his foot, and beasts of prey reign sole monarchs. They are, however, when not at a great distance from civilized settlements, often traversed by hunters of the wild deer and buffalo, who use many stratagems to capture these horned creatures.

Other prairies are stalked over at times by bands of savages, who have a track by which they never lose themselves. Many of these may be seen on the horses that abound in the wild pastures, riding without bridle or saddle ; now throwing the lance

—now engaged in conflict, or scampering along swifter than the wind.

It was a very different place this prairie, or wilderness, or whatever you choose to call it, to the canalled streets and paved terraces of Amsterdam; and all Mr. Van Voorst had in the world were his team, his wagon, his seeds, and his tools. The earth lay before him, one wide waste, and seemed to utter but one cry, and that was, Labour, labour, labour!

There, indeed, was the estate, and a large one it was, several thousand acres, and often did Mr. Van Voorst wish it had been possible for him to have transplanted the whole of them to the banks of the Scheldt, or any other convenient place in Dutchland; then they would have made him indeed rich, and he might have been a second time Mayor of Amsterdam.

After the carriage or wagon had halted, the labour of clearing the land almost immediately began. The very next morning a portion of ground was grubbed up with the pickaxe and spade, and seeds thrown in. It required no manure; it was land which had never been cultivated, and was rich and productive.

The next day Albert's labour began. Poor little fellow, he took his bill-hook in his hand, and his spade on his shoulder, and his father pointed out the spot he was to clear; and he began to cut down the wild heath and grub up the roots so quickly, that, in a few hours, he had cleared a

space large enough to lie down upon. His arms ached, however, and his hands were blistered, and his little back was quite tired with stooping.

As to Catherine, she was obliged to work in another way. It was her's to cook and prepare the food. She made a fire of the sticks which Albert had cut, unpacked the culinary utensils, put on the great pot, and cooked some of the hard salt beef which had been brought from the Cape.

Mr. Van Voorst and his labourers were no less active ; they had been to the forest, and cut down several trees to build a log-house, as it is called ; and, before the evening, had felled no less than seventeen trees, large enough for stakes, to drive in the earth. The next day they did the same ; and, at the end of the third day, enough were cut down to commence building a hut.

A few mornings afterwards, when Catherine and Albert were alone, the former was surprised by seeing what she thought was a good piece of wood, lying at some distance. As she was then in the act of boiling the pot, she went to bring it to the fire. When she got near it, how great was her horror in finding it to be an immense rattle snake ! The rattle from its tail alarmed her, she screamed violently ; and the reptile rose on its tail, as if preparing to dart at her.

Albert, hearing his sister shriek, ran in a moment to the spot ; and, aiming a blow at the creature, wounded it. The snake now turned upon the little boy ; his sister, with great presence of

mind, threw a blanket, she held in her hand, over the snake, in which it entangled itself, and, at the same moment, leaped upon it with all her weight.

Albert chopped away, through blanket and all, till the rattle snake was chopped in two. Finding their enemy dead, he and his sister returned thanks to God for their deliverance.

There is nothing so valuable as presence of mind and courage. Had Catherine run away from her brother, she would, in all probability, have had the dreadful task of seeing her beloved friend writhing in the agonies of death.

The building of the house now went on rapidly; and, in a few weeks, it was roofed in. There were, however, few comforts and no luxuries; it was little better than a shed. There were no bed rooms or dining rooms; but the interior was used for all purposes—sleeping room, cooking room, kitchen, and parlour.

Yet, with all these inconveniences, the father was happier than when Mayor of Amsterdam; and the children saw something new every day. There were the thousands of bees clustering on the wild heath, and the nests of honey and wax discovered daily. There were the beavers pursuing their handy work, and teaching a lesson by their labours.

There was the wide plain around smiling upon them, the bright sky and warm sun above, and the deep woods afar—all seemed to speak of peace

and to say, We are yours—cultivate, and you shall be happy.

And so to work they went again, Catherine to the cooking and washing, and mending and sewing, Albert to the cutting and digging, the father to the carpentry of the hut, and the other companions to digging, and sowing, and fencing, and clearing the ground.

At the end of the season, with their constant application, the hut and its surrounding land began to smile. It was surrounded by a garden. Beans and pease, and turnips and carrots, flowers of various kinds, corn and pulse, thrived in full luxuriance. The harvest came, and provisions for the winter season were laid in.

The place which Van Voorst had selected for his habitation, was not in the middle of the waste, but among some rocks which broke around the base of lofty hills. Water was necessary, and therefore, as there was a tolerable sized stream gushing from the rocks so as to form a pretty waterfall, this place was chosen as a proper one for their residence.

So far all was well; and now, when they were comfortably lodged, the winter at last set in, with a severity not often felt in Holland. The family were prepared for it; thousands of logs for firing were heaped all round the house, provisions were in plenty, as regarded bread and corn; as to animal food, it was only necessary for Van Voorst to

take his gun and walk out into the forest ; he soon returned with a fat buck.

One night Catherine, while in bed, thought she heard a strange noise about the logs without, with a wild kind of roaring ; she looked out, and, through the chinks of the log-house, it seemed as bright as day. She roused her brother, who opened the door, and in a moment the flames burst in—the whole of the logs that surrounded the house were on fire.

Van Voorst leaped up as did his two assistants—not a moment was to be lost—all was burning around them. He seized his children, one in each arm, and dashed towards the door ; at that moment he heard a loud whoop and cry of defiance—it was the Indians, who had set fire to the dwelling.

Every man now seized his rifle, and began firing away through the smoke as quickly as he could reload his piece. Albert and Catherine, who had both learned to defend themselves, fired with their father. The cries of triumph were soon turned to cries of woe—the savages met with a reception they did not expect, and ran off sorely astonished ; while Van Voorst and his children leaped beyond the burning logs.

To extinguish the fire was now the great object ; the snow was on the ground, and, with the quickness which such a scene sometimes inspires, Albert called out, make some large snow-balls and throw into the fire ; in a moment every hand was employed in rolling large snow-balls among the

burning logs, and throwing large shovels full upon them; so that in less than half an hour the fire was subdued.

It had, however, burned a considerable portion of their hut and provisions. Van Voorst was also much burnt, and the whole family were obliged to take up their abode in a cave near the waterfall.

In this habitation poor Van Voorst turned grievously sick, but Catherine attended him with the greatest assiduity; he recovered strength with the spring, and again the season came for digging and ploughing, and sowing and planting, and the whole district smiled again.

And so by dint of labour and perseverance, and union and affection, this family at last reclaimed, from year to year, the wide waste. The log-house was converted into a comfortable dwelling—the prairie into fields of arable land and pasture—the forest was cleared to the extent of several hundred acres—the waterfall turned a mill; and long before Van Voorst grew an old man, he had the satisfaction of beholding many thousand acres in a fair way of tillage.

As time advanced other emigrants began to cultivate their land on the adjacent country—a hundred farms rose up on all sides. Rivers were to bear the boats, and large canals were dug to connect stream with stream; roads made to connect town and town. Many who went into the wilds with a mattock and a handful of seed, had their thousands of sheep and herds browsing on

the heather. The wild beasts durst not come down upon them ; and, at last, trade and commerce connected one farm with another ; and then villages arose—after them cities ; till at last, in a good old age, Van Voorst beheld himself master of the largest territory in that region ; he became the patriarch of the community, and died, leaving his inheritance to his children.

Albert and Catherine—they were no longer children, but man and woman ; how they blessed the day when their father was mayor at Amsterdam ! The greatest pleasure they had was in looking back on the perils they had been through, and comparing them with the delight, the content, and peace that smiled on every side ; for, believe me, my dear children, happiness is only comparative ; and those who enjoy it the most are they who, in their youth, have tasted the brown loaf.

I do not look upon troubles, or trials, or persecutions in youth as evils ; they are the best things that can happen to prepare you for enjoyment hereafter ; to know life's sweets, you must taste its bitters ; and I believe, that the sorrows and troubles that some people endure in this world, are as necessary for them to enjoy the next in perfection, as darkness is sometimes necessary to the full enjoyment of light.

TAJ MAHAL AGRAH.

A STORY OF HINDOSTAN.



UMINOUS were the white plastered walls of one of the rooms of Fort Agrah, on the first of April, 1659. The burning sun of India streamed in through a little window near the ceiling, while the long shadows of the iron bars proclaimed the place a prison.

In the corner of this burning cage, which measured about twelve feet square, lay what appeared a confused mass of white muslin, torn fringe, and faded embroidery. A dark coloured wrinkled hand alone was visible, and seemed agitated by a convulsive movement.

A young girl knelt on the ground, at the side of the being we have just described. Her head rested on her hands, and as she listened to the groans of her companion, she started, her arms fell, and she raised herself slowly from the ground. The long hanging sleeves of the young Indian resumed their former place and she stood erect, and

yet, as slight as the reeds of her own country. She approached the window and endeavoured in vain with her long scarf to form some sort of curtain to exclude the burning rays. She then untied the ribbon which confined her hair, and applied it to the same purpose, but with the same want of success—as she reached up to the window, her hair flowing in black masses down her back, she presented the appearance more of a peri than a human being.

Djihan Ara, for it was the daughter of the monarch of India, sovereign of the north, and the south, the east, and the west, abandoned her attempt, and again resumed her position in the other corner of the small apartment.

Chag Djihan, tearing away the portion of his dress which covered his face and breast, raised himself up and exclaimed with fury.

“Yes, I will put out your eyes with my poniard! my brother! do you say! no, no, he is not my brother—the son of the concubine. Drink, drink, and die!”

Exhausted, he fell back. His daughter’s tears fell fast upon his yellow, heated face.

“Father! are you asleep or awake?”

But the old man’s sleep was a lethargy; he did not awake, but exclaimed again.

“Me! I have killed neither you nor your son. Is it my fault if they are hungry? Allah feeds the birds; cry to him ye dogs!”

Ara put her arms round her father. He awoke, trembling with the effects of his agitating dream.

"Yes; they cried thus," continued he, "she is there and they also! The wall is firm; they shall never escape. But they howl like lions or tigers. They shall never be silent."

"Allah is great and merciful, father, he sees our tears. Your faithful subjects invoke him on your behalf, in the Musjed which you built in your imperial city of Delhi."

"You are right, daughter of my heart. Yes, Allah will know it all. I have overturned their pagodas and burned their idols. The idolaters have been food for the vultures; the birds of the air, without leaving their nests, have been fed with the limbs of the worshippers of Vishnou and Bramah, and the land has been fertilized by a torrent of blood.

"But my zeal cooled before their burial. I was afraid of losing my subjects. I tolerated the fooleries of their priests, and allowed many to live whose blood should have been shed in the holy cause. Nevertheless, I never killed the sons of my brother—never. If they are dead, I know nothing about it. One of them died, it is said, because he drank of my cup! and the others because they would not eat of the pilau at my table! Is it my fault? Is the eldest son of the Sun to provide them with food?" A laugh disturbed the mustachios of the old Sultan of the Indies, whilst his

daughter hid her head in her trembling hands, and tried not to listen.

“ Ah !” cried the old man, “ Aureng Zegb ! Aureng Zegb ! hypocrite, monster. Blood of my blood ; flesh of my flesh ! You grew up in the harem, like the crocodile under the reeds in the river. Why have you not united your cries with theirs ? Why did I not cut you off ? I should not then be here to consume myself—a scorpion among flames, fire around me, and the sting here——”

With a fearful cry he struck his breast, and tearing his beard, he beat his head against the wall ; but his thick turban prevented his receiving any injury.

Djihan Ara knelt by him, and placing her hand upon the forehead of her father, she spoke to him of hope and of glory to the poor despised monarch, suffering more from the intolerable weight of the past than from his present captivity.

Suppressing all mention of the three brothers whom he had sacrificed to his ambition, and of Aureng Zegb, the usurper of his throne ; she spoke to him of his beloved son, whom she represented to be in the mountains of Thibet, collecting a large army of faithful followers, who would come to the delivery of his father. She told him of the glory of his ancestors, the founders of his race, omitting his father, whom Chah Djihan had fought and pursued, she spoke of his grand-father, Akbar, the Invincible, who had given him, when a

child, his first turban, embroidered with precious stones. Akbar was buried at Skanderag; but some of his martial spirit hovered yet around his grandson in this fortress, built by him of the beautiful stone of Jypour.

“Yes, red as blood,” answered the Sultan.

The beautiful Ara continued to speak of the magnificence of the palace of Delhi, where she some day hoped to behold her father, shining like a diamond on a diadem. She spoke of Houghly where the Portuguese idolaters had been conquered by his arms ; of Arzemund Banu, the most beautiful of his wives, she, whom he had surnamed Muntaya Zemani, the glory of his reign, and whose ashes reposed under a white marble tomb, surmounted by a dome, which now constituted the principal ornament of Agra, as she herself while living had been its pride.

In addition to all this, the young Indian in her endeavours to lighten the afflictions of her father, repeated to him a poem which had amused her own childhood.

It was an account in rhyme of the first ten years of her father’s reign, such as it had been composed by Hamed, and sung in triumph on grand occasions and feast days—and would not these banquets and feasts all come back again when they should once more be at liberty ?

In the midst of all this, the door opened slowly, several slaves advanced respectfully, and conducted the prisoners to a large cool room, furnished with

mats and cushions. Here was a repast set out. Chah Djihan, notwithstanding his daughter's prophecies, started with surprise; he darted a suspicious look at the dishes before him.

The steward understood him, and prostrating himself at the monarch's feet said, "I will myself taste of all the dishes first, of which it may please your highness to eat."

"My daughter eats with me."

Another plate and golden cup were placed on the table.

They sat down to eat, their hearts filled with a secret joy which they dared not express. After the repast, a man whose eyes were almost entirely covered with an enormous turban, knelt before him, with a splendid cushion, bearing a casket of sandal wood, encrusted with gold and ornamented with pearls and precious stones.

"It is a present from the glorious son of the monarch."

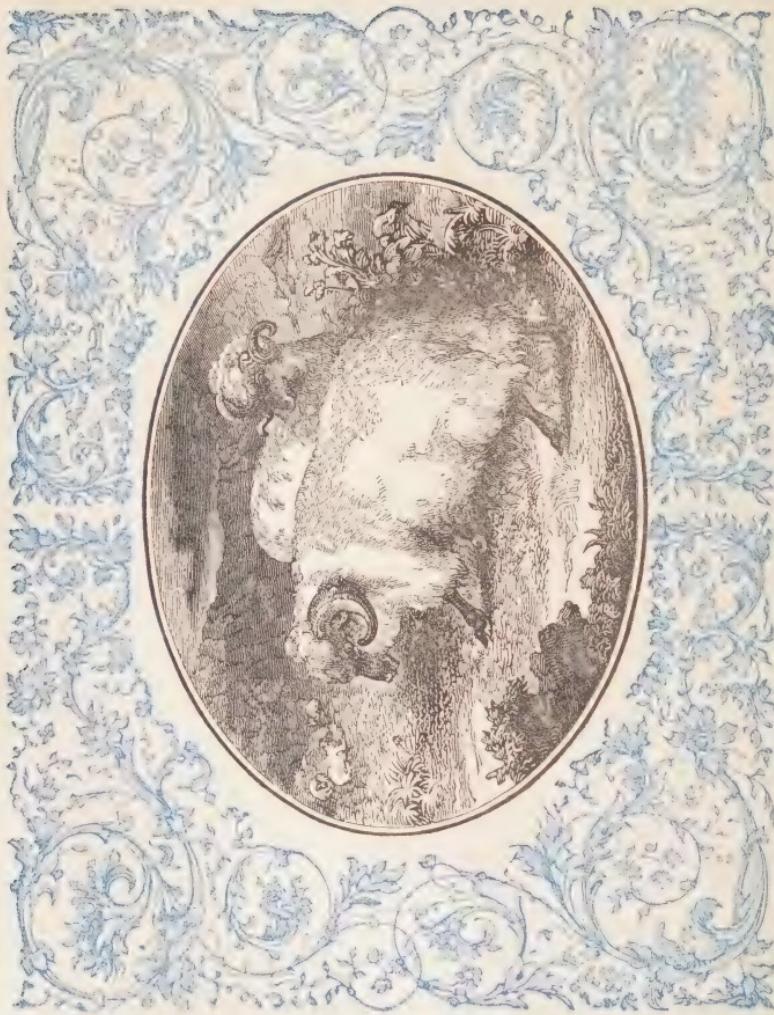
The old man's eyes sparkled. The diadem of Hindostan was alone worthy to fill such a vessel. He opened it, and beheld—*the bloody head of his beloved son!!*

Five years afterwards the body of Chah Djihan was deposited in the white marble tomb, by the side of the body of the Sultana.

The English merchants, who have explored the Empire of the Indies, describe the *Taj Mahal* as the most beautiful monument in the world. The dome measures sixty feet in height. Travellers

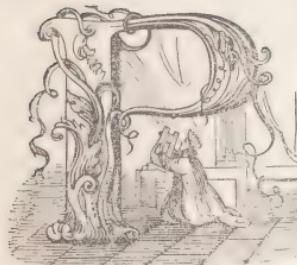
passing by on their elephants, descend from their howdas to admire the richness of the white marble—the magnificent pedestal, of which the borders are ornamented with lapis lazuli, agate, topaz, rubies and sapphires, all of which form a rich mosaic, wreathing the doors and windows. The four minarets, one at each corner, are sculptured in the most beautiful manner. The part which covers the body of the Sultana is computed by the English to have cost four thousand dollars. It is said, though, that Chah Djihan compelled his enemies to furnish the materials for this magnificent mausoleum.





STORIES ABOUT SHEEP,

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.



ERHAPS no animal's character is less marked than the sheep's, save in that of natural affection, of which it possesses a very great share. It is, otherwise, a stupid indifferent animal, having few wants, and fewer expedients. The old black-faced, or forest breed, have far more powerful capabilities than any of the finer breeds that have been introduced into Scotland, and therefore, the few anecdotes that I have to relate, shall be confined to them.

So strong is the attachment of sheep to the place where they have been bred, that I have heard of their returning from Yorkshire to the Highlands. I was always somewhat inclined to suspect that they might have been lost by the way. But it is certain, however, that when once one, or a few sheep, get away from the rest of their acquaintances, they return homewards with great eagerness and perseverance. I have lived beside a

drove-yard the better part of my life, and many stragglers have I seen bending their steps northward in the spring of the year. A shepherd rarely sees these journeyers twice; if he sees them, and stops them in the morning, they are gone long before night; and if he sees them at night, they will be gone many miles before morning. This strong attachment to the place of their nativity, is much more predominant in our old aboriginal breed, than in any of the other kinds with which I am acquainted.

The most singular instance that I know of, to be quite well authenticated, is that of a black ewe, that returned with her lamb from a farm in the head of Glen-Lyon, to the farm of Harehope in Tweeddale, and accomplished the journey in nine days. She was soon missed by her owner, and a shepherd was despatched in pursuit of her, who followed her all the way to Crieff, where he turned and gave her up. He got intelligence of her all the way, and every one told him that she absolutely persisted in travelling on—she would not be turned, regarding neither sheep nor shepherd by the way. Her lamb was often far behind, and she had constantly to urge it on by impatient bleating. She unluckily came to Stirling on the morning of a great annual fair, about the end of May, and judging it imprudent to venture through the crowd with her lamb, she halted on the north side of the town the whole day, where she was seen by hundreds lying close by the road side. But next morning,

when all became quiet, a little after the break of day, she was observed stealing quietly through the town, in apparent terror of the dogs that were prowling about the streets. The last time she was seen on the road, was at a toll-bar near St. Ninian's; the man stopped her, thinking she was a strayed animal, and that some one would claim her. She tried several times to break through by force when he opened the gate, but he always prevented her, and at length she turned patiently back. She had found some means of eluding him, however, for home she came on a Sabbath morning, the fourth of June, and she left the farm of Locks, in Glen-Lyon, either on the Thursday afternoon, or Friday morning, a week and two days before. The farmer of Harehope paid the Highland farmer the price of her, and she remained on her native farm till she died of old age, in her seventeenth year.

There is another peculiarity in the nature of sheep, of which I have witnessed innumerable examples. But as they are all alike, and show how much the sheep is a creature of habit, I shall only relate one:

A shepherd in Blackhouse bought a few sheep from another in Crawmel, about ten miles distant. In the spring following one of the ewes went back to her native place, and yeaned on a wild hill, called Crawmel Craig. One day, about the beginning of July following, the shepherd went and brought home his ewe and lamb—took the fleece from the ewe, and kept the lamb for one of his stock. The

lamb lived and thrrove, and never offered to leave home ; but when three years of age, and about to have her first lamb, she vanished ; and the morning after, the Crawmel shepherd, in going his rounds, found her with a new yeaned lamb on the very gair of Crawmel Craig, where she was born herself. She remained there till the first week of July, the time when she was brought a lamb herself, and then she came home with hers of her own accord ; and this custom she continued annually with the greatest punctuality as long as she lived. At length her lambs, when they came of age, began the same practice, and the shepherd was obliged to dispose of the whole breed.

With regard to the natural affection of this animal, stupid and actionless as it is, the instances that might be mentioned are without number. When one loses its sight in a flock of short sheep, it is rarely abandoned to itself in that hapless and helpless state. Some one always attaches itself to it, and by bleating calls it back from the precipice, the lake, the pool, and all dangers whatever. There is a disease among sheep, called by the shepherds the breakshugh, a deadly sort of dysentery, which is as infectious as fire, in a flock. Whenever a sheep feels itself seized by this, it instantly withdraws from all the rest, shunning their society with the greatest care ; it even hides itself, and is often very hard to be found. Though this propensity can hardly be attributed to natural instinct, it is, at all

events, a provision of nature of the greatest kindness and beneficence.

Another manifest provision of nature with regard to these animals is, that the more inhospitable the land is on which they feed, the greater their kindness and attention to their young. I once herded two years on a wild and bare farm called Willenslee, on the border of Mid-Lothian, and of all the sheep I ever saw, these were the kindest and most affectionate to their young. I was often deeply affected at scenes which I witnessed. We had one very hard winter, so that our sheep grew lean in the spring, and the thwarter-ill (a sort of paralytic affection) came among them, and carried off a number. Often have I seen these poor victims when fallen down to rise no more, even when unable to lift their heads from the ground, holding up the leg, to invite the starving lamb to the miserable pittance that the udder still could supply. I had never seen aught more painfully affecting.

It is well known that it is a custom with shepherds when a lamb dies, if the mother have a sufficiency of milk, to bring her from the hill, and put another lamb to her. This is done, by putting the skin of the dead lamb upon the living one ; the ewe immediately acknowledges the relationship, and after the skin has warmed on it, so as to give it something of the smell of her own progeny, and it has sucked her two or three times, she accepts and nourishes it as her own ever after. Whether it is from joy at this apparent reanimation of her young

one, or because a little doubt remains on her mind which she would fain dispel, I cannot decide ; but for a number of days, she shows far more fondness by bleating and caressing over this one, than she did formerly over the one that was really her own.

But this is not what I wanted to explain, it was, that such sheep as thus lose their lambs, must be driven to a house with dogs, so that the lamb may be put to them ; for they will only take it in a dark confined place. But at Willenslee, I never needed to drive home a sheep by force, with dogs, or in any other way than the following : I found every ewe, of course, standing hanging her head over her dead lamb, and having a piece of twine with me for the purpose, I tied that to the lamb's neck, or foot, and trailing it along, the ewe followed me into any house or fold that I chose to lead her. Any of them would have followed me in that way for miles, with her nose close on the lamb, which she never quitted for a moment, except to chase my dog, which she would not suffer to walk near me. I often, out of curiosity, led them in to the side of the kitchen fire by this means, into the midst of servants and dogs ; but the more that dangers multiplied around the ewe, she clung the closer to her dead offspring, and thought of nothing whatever but protecting it.

One of the two years while I remained on this farm, a severe blast of snow came on by night, about the latter end of April, which destroyed

several scores of our lambs; and as we had not enough of twins and old lambs for the mothers that had lost theirs, of course we selected the best ewes, and put lambs to them. As we were making the distribution, I requested of my master to spare me a lamb for a hawked ewe which he knew, and which was standing over a dead lamb in the head of the hope, about four miles from the house. He would not do it, but bid me let her stand over the lamb for a day or two, and perhaps a twin would be forthcoming. I did so, and faithfully she did stand to her charge; so faithfully, that I think the like never was equalled by any of the woolly race. I visited her every morning and evening, and for the first eight days never found her above two or three yards from the lamb; and always as I went my rounds, she eyed me long ere I came near her, and kept tramping with her foot, and whistling through her nose, to frighten away the dog; he got a regular chase twice a day as I passed by; but, however excited and fierce a ewe may be, she never offers any resistance to mankind, being perfectly and meekly passive to them. The weather grew fine and warm, and the dead lamb soon decayed, which the body of a dead lamb does particularly soon; but still this affectionate and devoted creature kept hanging over the poor remains with an attachment that seemed to be nourished by hopelessness. It often drew the tears from my eyes to see her hanging with such fondness over a few bones, mixed with a small portion of wool. For

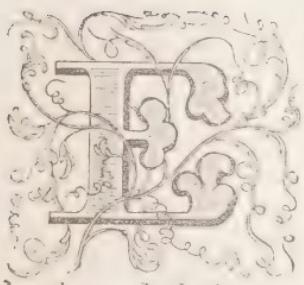
the first fortnight she never quitted the spot, and for another week she visited it every morning and evening, uttering a few kindly and heart-piercing bleats each time; till at length every remnant of her offspring vanished, mixing with the soil, or wafted away by the winds.





THE STORY OF A DEER.

“To drive the deer with hound and horn
Earl Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborn,
The hunting of that day.”



ENGLAND, in the early times of her history, was covered in a great measure with extensive forests of timber. At that time, the hunting and capture of the deer formed the occupation of kings, and of the feudal lords and their vassals ; and, except in trying their weapons upon each other, it was their only amusement. It also formed the themes for the romance writers and poets of those times. Robin Hood, which most little boys have read, was one of the poems written in the dark periods of English history. If you look at the ballad called “Chevy Chase,” you will find that, when the stout Earl of Northumberland wished to bring the feud with the Douglas to an issue, he had recourse to a deer-

stealing incursion upon the grounds of the latter, as is said in the motto to this chapter.

Deer belong more to wild than to cultivated pastures, and more to the rude and early state of countries than to more polished periods. They are also inhabitants of northern climates more than of central ones, and in the extreme south are unknown as native animals.

It was in the early times of English history that the circumstances which I am going to relate to you took place ; they are found in a very ancient legend, which I some time since conned over in the British Museum, written in monkish Latin, which you know is a treat for little boys to read.

The story relates to the early days of King Alfred, who was, up to the age of twelve years, what some folks would call a dunce ; but he was receiving a better education all the time from brooks, and wilds, and forests, and skies, than any of the lore that might have been communicated to him by the monks of those days.

It was just before Alfred learned to read, when, boy like, he used to train himself to feats of skill with the bow, or amuse himself in climbing and jumping, throwing the bar, or hunting the wild pigs of some of Old England's oaken forests, that old Anselmo, who wished to cure the future king of his violent love of such sports, after repeated attempts to win him from them, bethought himself of an expedient which should have the desired effect ; and acting on the wicked principle, that a

fraud was justifiable when made with a view to do good, he made up a story, which he thought would so frighten the young king as to keep him quite within doors.

Having procured a deer, the monk had it conveyed privately to one of the cells of the monastery, near Winchester, where the king then was. He then prepared a red dye from some of the forest woods, and took the opportunity of dyeing the animal of a blood-red colour. Having so far prepared matters, he took an early opportunity of relating a very grave story to the prince.

One day, he observed Alfred trimming his bow, and ventured to ask him to what sport he should betake himself that day. "Monk," said the prince, "I am tired of shooting at wild pigs, and such small game; would that I had my horse, and then I might go and hunt the deer."

"Beware of the 'bloody deer,'" said Anselmo. "He is abroad again."

"Abroad again! why, I never heard of any deer called a bloody deer; what is it? Tell me, I pr'ythee, monk."

"No, I must not tell," said Anselmo, wishing to raise Alfred's curiosity to the highest pitch, that he might be the more excited. "I must not tell *thee*, at least," said he.

"Then it must be something very extraordinary," said Alfred; "and therefore, if you will not tell me, I will find it out myself."

"This thou mayst do, to thy cost," said the

monk. "It is a tale of terror, and thou wouldest be frightened."

"Nothing can frighten me," said Alfred.

"Then, you must know," replied Anselmo, "that one of thy ancestors, by thy mother's side, was called 'Ruric, the Red;' he was a man of great power and extraordinary spirit. Now, it so happened that the Abbot of St. Wolfrage was very fond of a fine fat buck, and also quite as fond of the sport of hunting it. One day, when he was out hunting, a fine deer bounded from one of the clefts of the hills, and flew over the plain at an immense speed. Thy ancestor, Ruric, was out on that day, and from a spot a little removed from that at which the abbot stood, beheld the self-same deer rushing onwards, which he followed with all the speed of his horse; the abbot also followed, with his retinue; and, after a long run, the deer being nearly hunted down, the abbot and Ruric both shot their arrows at the exhausted animal; both arrows transfixed his heart, and he fell down dead.

"The hunters now came up. The abbot claimed the deer, and contended that, as he first saw and gave chase to the animal, it belonged to him. Ruric contended that his arrow first pierced the heart of the deer, and that *he would* possess him.

"Upon this, many words arose. The abbot and his men laid hold of the deer to take it home. This so exasperated Ruric, that, drawing his sword, he fell upon the abbot and slew him. He

also called upon his followers, and an attack was made upon the attendants of the abbot, and every one of them was slain. The abbot, when he was expiring, uttered a bitter curse on Ruric, and cried out—‘My blood shall be on thee and thine to the seventh generation.’ Thou art of the seventh generation,” continued Anselmo, “and I fear that thy fate may be like that of several of thy ancestors.”

“But what has that to do with my going out to hunt a deer in the forest here?” said Alfred.

“Ever since this wicked murder,” said the monk, “a ‘bloody deer’ has been seen at times in this part of the forest. It is supposed to be a spectre deer, and it decoys the hunter into imminent peril. Thou must indeed give up thy sport in the forest.”

Alfred, instead of being frightened by the spectre deer, as Anselmo thought he would be, conceived a violent desire to search out the mystery; above all, to see the deer which the monk alleged was the terror of the whole country. At first he believed every word the monk had told him, but, after a little time, thought that it might only be a trick of his tutor to frighten him from his forest sports; so he said, “When I see the bloody deer, I will believe your story.”

“Come, then, to-night, by the cross oak, and thou wilt see him flit by thee,” said Anselmo. “At the hour of midnight, thou wilt hear the sound of horns, the trampling of horses, the yell of dogs,

and the shoutings of the hunters; then wilt thou see the bloody deer rush by thee like a whirlwind."

"To-night, at twelve," said the prince, "the cross oak shall be my canopy; I will not sleep till I have seen this bloody deer, ay, and hunted him, too."

Anselmo was now as much alarmed as he thought the prince would be; for he found that, instead of curing him of his hunting propensities, his story only had the effect of making him more desirous of dangerous exploits. But he could not now retract; so he made up his mind to let him come to the cross oak, and there, if possible, to frighten him completely.

So, between midday and midnight, he found time to put the plan in execution; luckily, the deer was dyed red, to suit his purpose, and it was only necessary to bring him forth at the proper hour, under circumstances calculated to excite terror.

For this purpose, he had to engage some of the monks of the abbey in his service; those were provided with horns to blow, and bows to twang, while one Wangfuss, a droll lad of the monastery, was to perform the part of dog, which he did to exquisite perfection, his yelpings and barkings being so natural, as to be mistaken for those of the canine species.

When the midnight hour arrived, the monk and Alfred went down to the cross oak, to watch for

the passing of the spectre deer. The former was armed with his cross, beads, and breviary; the latter with his cross-bow, being determined to send a bolt at the deer, as he passed by.

It was a rough night, at the latter end of October, and the yellow leaves, dead and dying upon the ground, were stirred into circles by the eddying wind, which whistled through the bare boughs and craggy nooks—a somewhat fearful music. Alfred, however, was fearless, and pushed his way through the almost obliterated path to the cross oak—so called, from two of its huge limbs forming a perfect cross, which was sufficient to obtain for it high veneration in those times, and procured for it the name of the cross or holy oak.

Alfred had risen from his couch unknown to his father and mother, for this expedition, and, as I have before told you, it was midnight when he and his tutor arrived at the oak. It was a moonlight night, but the clouds rushed by the moon with such rapidity, that she seemed like some deluded maniac, dashing madly through the heavens. Alfred looked up, and observed that the clouds seemed as if they were frightened.

“ ‘Tis well,” said Anselmo; “it is a sign that the bloody deer will run to-night. Just as those clouds leap over the sky, so will the red deer bound over the forest track.”

“Then let him come,” said Alfred. At this moment, the barking of a dog and the distant winding of a horn were heard. “He comes!” said the

monk. The sounds came nearer. Then arose a confused din ; then the hissing as of serpents ; then a shout as of hunters—at this moment the moon dipped into a dark cloud.

“Stand close !” said the monk.

“Nay, give me elbow-room,” said Alfred ; “I am not afraid.”

The moon again appeared, and showed a bright light over the forest. The sounds of hunters again were heard, the yelping of dogs, and the blowing of horns, a loud creaking of the branches, and cracking of their stems, shook the earth round about ; and in a moment, exactly opposite the spot where the prince stood, the deer dashed through the copse ; it came with a spring so violent as to strike Alfred, and, just as he was levelling his bow, made a bound so close to him, as to dash the instrument from his shoulder, and springing into the thicket, was lost to view.

“It was indeed a bloody deer,” said the prince, “red from the hoof to the horns. Oh, that I had sent a shot right through him ! It is no spectre deer.”

“What is it, then ?”

“A natural deer,” said Alfred ; “a deer of flesh as well as blood ; and, before to-morrow night, that deer shall swing on the spit of the palace kitchen.”

The monk now in vain endeavoured to dissuade Alfred from his determination of hunting the deer ; he told him that his senses had deceived him ; that



the deer was in reality a spectre, being no less than the spirit of the abbot, which had taken that form. That as he, Alfred, was of the seventh generation, he could only be a victim to the unappeased vengeance of the murdered abbot; and that, if he tried to capture it, he must fall in the attempt.

The young prince was not, however, to be persuaded from his “feat;” he had penetration enough to suspect that a trick had been put upon him, and made up his mind that nothing should deter him on the morrow from going in search of the spectre or bloody deer.

Early the next morning Alfred arose, and, without saying a word to any one in the palace, girded a short sword to his side, filled his quiver with arrows, mounted his horse, and, taking his bow in his hand, was presently far away in the forest.

He rode up the forest and down the forest, among the various brakes and copses, now over the wild moorland parts; and many a deer did he see, but the blood-red deer never crossed his view.

In one place he saw a whole herd of them going to drink, but the red deer was not of the number.

Although mid day arrived, and Alfred was faint and weary with toil, he looked around for something to refresh himself with, but to no purpose; there was nothing but the trees of the wild forest, the acorns, and the dried leaves, which were but a very sorry repast.

There was, however, a brook close by, from which the herd of deer had just run away, and Alfred went down to it to drink; as he had no jug to drink from, he was forced to lay himself down, and drink from the margin of the stream. Just as he was drinking, he heard a rustling sound behind him, and looking in the clear lake, he beheld the reflection of the blood-red deer fall on the water. He leaped up, and looked around him, but nothing was to be seen; he listened, all was still; he drew a shaft, and, placing it in the bow, stood with it ready bent; but he could see nothing—the deer was gone.

Alfred now began to think that the deer was in reality a spectre deer, and that his task was hopeless; and the thought came over his mind of going back and giving over the object he had in view; but he reasoned with himself, and said—"If I go back now, I shall never know whether the deer be a real deer or not; if I stay, should it be any thing supernatural, I shall be sure to find it out; if it be a natural deer, I am determined to take it."

So he finished his draught at the brook, and again began to wend his way through the margin of the forest. A hundred deer crossed his path, but Alfred forbore to draw a shaft upon any of them.

So he wandered about, half famished, till the evening came on; but his desire seemed to increase, as the night fell, to capture the strange deer. "If it be a spectre," said the prince, "at midnight it

will surely make its appearance ; and if not, I will search every day till I find it."

Alfred had tied his horse to a tree when he got down to drink, and, feeling the pangs of hunger himself, had suffered it to graze as it went along ; being tired of its slow pace, he took off the bridle, and, fastening it to the saddle, left his horse to feed at leisure, while he mounted a hill to take a last view of the country before the night set in.

He listened, and heard the blowing of a horn ; it had a dull, low, hollow sound. He shouted, and was answered by a "Hello ! hello, boy !" and running in the direction of the sound, he soon came up with a boy, not much older than himself, who was collecting the swine to a rare repast of acorns, which he had prepared for them at the back of a rude hut or cottage close by.

Alfred went up to the swineherd, and accosting him, asked him to procure him some food, for he was very hungry. At this request, the lad shook his head, and pointing to the door of the cottage, bade him to ask within.

Alfred went boldly to the door ; it was closed ; he knocked, and a poor woman, crying bitterly, came to it ; she had a child in her arms, which had just died ; her husband lay stretched upon the floor, a corpse ; a little girl was lying very ill in a corner, and the house was without bread—the mother and children famishing.

When Alfred witnessed this dreadful scene, he could not forbear weeping, and the thought of the

deer vanished for a moment from his mind. He felt that he would have given the world to relieve this wretchedness ; and, taking off his golden spurs, said to the swineherd—" Haste to the city of Winchester, and bring back food for thyself and mother."

" Oh ! good young nobleman," said the poor woman, " do not come near us ; we are all dying with a fatal fever ; it will be death to you to enter ; pray leave this unhappy place, and fly from the danger."

Alfred entered the cottage immediately, and said—" I fear not ; I will wait your son's return." And so he sat himself down, and began to console the poor woman as well as he could. He waited and waited, however, for a long time, but the son never returned. It was nearly midnight. Alfred stole out of the cottage, and, finding his steed near the spot at which he had left it, set off at full speed to Winchester.

The wind was up, and the dark clouds were drifting furiously ; and before the prince got a mile from the swineherd's cottage, the thunder pealed loudly above the tops of the oaks ; the lightning, too, struck off many a branch from the sear trees ; but Alfred rode through it as quickly as he could, and soon reached the city.

Here he found that the youth had been taken up for robbery, and was lying in the castle dungeon. There was no time to be lost, and so, without attempting to obtain the release of the youth, draw-

ing his sword, he went into the first shop he came to, and, seizing a couple of thick loaves or cakes, such as were made in those days, and a piece of bacon (for which Hampshire was at that early period famous), he threw down a rich jewel from his neck—"I leave this in pledge," said he, "till my return; but I must have food." Then mounting his horse, he was in a short time in the mazes of the forest.

The storm had past, and the moonlight shone full on the forest trees; by its light, Alfred soon reached the cottage, and, rushing in, presented the welcome food to the famished family. It was greedily devoured by the mother and her poor children. During the repast, Alfred, on whose mind the deer still lingered, told the housewife of his desire to see, to capture, or to kill it, that his mind might be satisfied.

The poor woman was greatly alarmed when she heard Alfred talk of the bloody deer, and looked upon him as little better than something superhuman. "Oh!" she said, "noble boy, thou wilt be certainly destroyed; for fiends attend the red deer wherever he goes, and tear to pieces those that dare draw a shaft upon him."

Nothing daunted by the many dreadful stories this poor woman related to him, Alfred again mounted his horse, determined to spend the night in the forest. He had not proceeded far, before he heard a rustling among the boughs, and, by the light of the moon, he plainly perceived the object of

his search—the dreaded deer ; it came on, with a soft and gentle pace, lightly over the turf ; and when it got quite opposite the prince, very deliberately bent its head to rub its nose against one of its fore legs, as deer are in the habit of doing.

Alfred had drawn his arrow to its head when he first saw the animal emerge from the thicket, but as it appeared so tame and innocent, seemed loth to take its life ; before he could make up his mind which to do, the deer had tripped away as lightly as the wind, and was lost among the branches of the trees.

Alfred now gave chase in good earnest, and hilloed, hilloed, as loud as he could ; he could hear the startled animal dash through the boughs in advance of him. He followed, now on the open plain, then again amid the thick forest trees ; every now and then, he obtained a sight of the deer, and at every opportunity let fly a shaft full at him.

After more than an hour's pursuit, Alfred heard the same yells and shoutings as those of the preceding night ; they arose in every direction around him, with the clashing of arms, the sound of bugles, and all kind of clamorous noises. The deer itself seemed startled by them, and doubled on his pursuer. Alfred sent his arrows thick and fast ; at last, making a desperate leap, the poor animal forked himself between the stems of two trees, which grew close together at the root, but diverged upwards.

Here he was held, totally unable to extricate

himself. Alfred dismounted, and went up, and laid his hand on the head of the animal—it was, after all, no spectre ; he then took off his scarf, and bound it round one of his antlers and held him fast.

The noise and shouting drew nearer, and at last lights appeared among the trees, flashing to and fro ; the barking of dogs and the blowing of horns grew louder and louder ; at last, Alfred was surrounded—by whom ?

Why—by the whole army of the court, who had been seeking him from an early hour, with his royal father and the monk Anselmo at their head. “Behold,” said the young prince, “the spectre deer—the painted deer. Ah, monk, thou art a cunning man.”

“Canst thou surmount all the difficulties of such a chase,” said Anselmo, “and not conquer the letters of the alphabet ? There is nothing too difficult for Alfred.”

This was indeed the great fault of our young hero—he could not apply himself to study ; but from that hour he mastered his early tasks, and became, as you know, the best and greatest of English kings, and a great scholar for his time.

ONE LIE MAKES MANY.



OME three years ago, there was a family who, in consequence of the illness of the mother of it, who was in a rapid consumption, took a beautiful cottage at Ventnor, a lovely spot on the south side of the Isle of Wight.

This family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Truemian, and their children, two young ladies, Lucy and Mary. The eldest of these was Lucy, who was nine years old; Mary was not quite seven; besides them, there was a governess, who had charge of them, a very kind young lady, who did all she could to make her young pupils happy.

Mrs. Truemian, after she reached the island, seemed in some degree to regain her exhausted strength; and hopes were entertained that she might recover. This gave great joy to every member of the family, particularly to the younger branches of it, who, notwithstanding their early years, could appreciate the loss they would sustain in their separation for ever from an affectionate

parent; for both of these children loved their mother very dearly.

After a few weeks, the insidious disease, under which Mrs. Trueman was labouring, took a fatal turn, and the physician felt it his duty to inform her that there were no hopes. She then, with the resignation of a Christian, prepared herself for death. She found it, however, a hard struggle to leave her poor children; she had wished to have trained them up, and to have seen them grow up wise and good, as the delight of her declining years; but this was forbidden, and she submitted to the will of Heaven.

After due preparation for the distant journey she was about to take, she called her children to her, and gave them a series of admonitions from day to day. She begged of them, above all things, to love each other, to cling to each other in all their troubles, and, above all things, to speak the truth.

One beautiful evening, as the sun was going down into the sea, and the waves were hushed and still, and the ocean was like a mirror spread out before heaven; when all was peace, and quietude, and tranquillity; at that soft hour, the dying mother, reclining on her couch near the drawing-room window, which commanded a full view of the ocean, again called her children to her. There was no one present but Lucy and her sister; taking them affectionately by the hand, she again repeated her advice, imploring them to be good,

and kind, and loving children, to be obedient to their instructors, and dutiful to their surviving parent; and then she kissed them again and again, and wept over them. The poor little children, too, sobbed aloud.

Mrs. Trueman bade them to be comforted, and cheered them in the kindest manner; and when they were a little calmed, she said to them—“And now, my dear little ones, there is another thing I have to say to you—there is nothing so hideous in the sight of God as a liar; from lying proceeds every kind of evil. Promise me, my dear children, that you will speak the truth at all times; for if I were to know that you told lies, I think that I should not rest quiet in my grave.”

“We will indeed, indeed, dear mother,” said both of the afflicted children; and then they threw their arms about their mother’s neck, who sank back upon her pillow, apparently exhausted.

Lucy looked at her mother. “How pale dear mother is!” she uttered. “Is she asleep? Do not wake her, it will do her good.” And the little girls sat by the bedside, and scarcely dared to breathe or move a foot for fear of disturbing their mother. At last, a fly rested on the pale brow of the corpse (for Mrs. Trueman was no more,) and Mary went to brush it away, when she felt the cold cheek of the dead.

Both screamed aloud, and servants and attendants rushed in—yes, it was too true, they had lost their mother!

I need not describe the deep grief in which every member of this family were plunged by this, in some degree, unexpected event. Mr. Trueman, who was from home on business when his beloved partner breathed her last, received a severe shock at his return. Lucy and Mary could not be prevailed upon to leave the room in which their dear mother lay, and sat daily by the corpse till the last sad ceremony was performed.

But alas ! how weak and frail are little children ! On the day that their poor mother was buried, just as Lucy was about to put on her mourning, she conceived that a part of it was not made, in her opinion, so prettily as that of her sister. She discovered that a ruffle or furbelow, which was placed on her sister's dress, had been omitted on hers, and, when the dresses were brought into the dressing room, upon a closer examination of them, she was confirmed in her opinion, and, taking her own dress in her hand, she gave it a canter to the other end of the room, saying—"I shall not wear it, I know," looking at the same time with great jealousy and spite at her sister.

The reason why this frill or furbelow was placed upon the dress was, to hide a defect which, but for it, would have been very conspicuous ; the truth was, that the draper, by giving very scant measure, had scarcely allowed sufficient for the dresses to be made out of the quantity deemed to be sufficient, and the frill was placed round the edge of Mary's frock to hide its deficiency.

When the governess, Miss Mornington, came to dress her pupils, Lucy sat sulking in her chair ; Mary was telling her that she would pick off the flounce rather than she should be displeased, but Lucy would hear nothing.

Miss Mornington enquired the cause of the seeming disagreement, but Lucy, who had quite forgotten the solemn pledge she had made her mother, instead of revealing to her governess the true cause of her distress, said—“ Oh, my mother, my dear mother ! I shall never be able to follow her to the grave.”

The governess upon this began to comfort both the children. Little Mary, who had no wish to conceal the true reason, had not sufficient moral courage to *tell the truth*, and expose her sister. She sat and said nothing : one, you see, told a lie, and the other would not tell the truth.

Lucy now began to feign herself very ill, and said again—“ Oh, I can never follow my dear mother to the grave !” and as she went past her sister she said, aside, in a whisper, to her—“ I’ll never go with you if you go in your fine ruffles, miss ; you shall see if I do ;” and then she began to weep, and to say, she could never follow her dear mother to the grave.

Upon this, Miss Mornington began to consider what would be best to be done ; she could not get Miss Lucy to put on her dress, she pretended to be so much affected. So she went to Mr. True-man, and told him that his eldest daughter was so

overcome with grief that it would be impossible for her to follow her mother. Mr. Trueman forthwith returned with Miss Mornington to the drawing-room, thinking his presence might restore the young lady to herself.

But no. Miss Lucy, when she heard her father coming, immediately ran towards her bed, and, falling down on her knees before it, and hiding her face in the counterpane, continued to cry and even roar in the most noisy manner. The good father took her up in his arms; she, however, struggled out of them, saying—"Oh, I cannot go to the funeral! I cannot go to the funeral!" and again she wept and threw herself about, as if she had been driven phrenzied by the excess of her grief.

The hearse was now at the door, and Mary and Lucy both heard the heavy tread of the undertakers pacing along the passage to bring down the corpse of their mother; the younger sister was greatly affected and began to weep. "Oh," said she, "they are taking away dear mother! do, dear sister, let us follow her to the grave—do, there is a dear sister."

"No, I won't," said Miss Lucy, "because I said I won't. I am not going to tell a lie to please you."

Poor little child, she did not scruple to tell a very wicked lie to please herself. Thus it is, my little children, that when we suffer our passions to get the better of us, that we deceive ourselves.

After many other unsuccessful efforts of the

governess and Mr. Trueman to get Lucy into the carriage, they were forced to depart without her. This mortified her still more, for she had supposed that her obstinacy would have prevented her sister from being taken ; and when she found she was left alone in the house, she was quite exasperated against her governess, her sister, and even against her father.

So, after sobbing and roaring for some minutes, and calling up one of the servants several times to pacify her, she at last sat quite still and sullen. Her bad feelings, however, did not subside, and, with a wickedness scarcely to be accounted for, she stole very gently to her sister's drawers, and taking out a beautiful fan, which had been given to her by her aunt some months ago, broke the leaves of it ; she then threw some of her playthings out of the window, among which was a little cornelian heart and chain, which Mary had received from her mother as a token of affection.

Just at the moment Lucy threw these things from the window, a magpie, hopping about in the corner, seeing something little, began to peck at it, and in a second or two flew off with the chain and heart as his prize—a thing by no means uncommon for such birds to do.

After this exploit was over, Lucy began to feel some compunctions of conscience ; her evil feelings seemed spent and exhausted, but yet it seemed a pleasure to her that she had kept her word, and not attended the funeral. Between the

two feelings, she felt very unhappy notwithstanding ; for when she rejoiced in her wicked revenge, something would say to her, you have done wrong, and so she was far from happy ; for, believe me, my dear children, that whenever you do wrong, something will inform you of your wickedness ; and if you resist the warning voice of conscience, your sin is doubled, and you are in danger of greater condemnation.

Lucy Trueman, as you have already seen, soon forgot her dying mother's injunction ; and it would have been well if this had been the last falsehood she had told. But those that tell a lie little reflect what a mighty undertaking it is, and how many lies must be told to cover it ; as you will see.

After the funeral had taken place, Mr. True-man called, the next morning, his children to him, and told Lucy that he knew, by her grief at her mother's funeral, that she would never do any thing which would displease so good a mother—“For,” said he, “your grief at your poor mother's death touched me to the heart, even more than my other sorrows. And pray,” said he, “my dear child, what did you do when we were all gone to see your poor mother put in the earth ?”

“Oh, my dear papa !” said Lucy, “I fell on my knees beside the bed, and kept crying all the time.” (Lie the second.)

“And did any one come into the room while you were there—did any one go to your sister's drawers ?”

“ Oh, dear no, papa !”

“ Did any one take her fan out and break it ?”

“ Oh, yes, now I recollect it ; I saw governess go to the drawer,” said the wicked girl. (Another falsehood, you see.)

“ And pray do you know any thing of your sister’s cornelian heart, the one your dear mother gave her ?”

“ Oh yes, father,” said Lucy ; “ I saw Jane, the housemaid, with that, yesterday.”

Mr. Trueman’s mind now began to misgive him. He had accidentally come into possession of this stone on that very morning, and in a manner which puzzled him very much. Walking along, he observed a little boy with a chain and cornelian in his hand, looking at it with great satisfaction ; he instantly recognised it as belonging to his daughter ; and having enquired of the lad where he had obtained it, he replied, that his aunt Jane gave it to him, who lived at the great house. This person was no other than the housemaid, whom Miss Lucy accused of having possession of the trinket. The little boy, instead of saying he found it, as he ought to have done, thought that, by saying his aunt Jane gave it him, he should have a greater right to retain it ; forgetting by that he ran the hazard of her being accused of the theft.

Mr. Trueman had received some little intimation from Jane that little miss had thrown the trinket out of the window, for the girl had watched her through the crack of the door after the family

had left the house. She was not, however, able to ascertain the article thrown away ; and although she went into the garden immediately, she could find nothing ; but when the jewel was missing, she hesitated not to say, that she saw Miss Lucy go to the drawer, and take something from it, which she threw out of the window. But the circumstance of the boy saying he had it from Jane, gave Mr. Trueman reason to suspect that she had stolen the article. (Here is another evil effect from not speaking the truth.)

Now Jane had been very kind to these two little girls, and yet one of them did not mind seeing her accused of robbery, through her own wicked conduct ; so true it is, that when we do wrong in one particular, we are continually led to do so in many others. Lucy persisted in saying Jane had the jewel and chain ; that she saw her wind it round her finger, and afterwards put it into her bosom, with many other circumstances which her active imagination supplied, to make her father believe that she spoke the truth.

Mr. Trueman at last thought that his servant had proved dishonest, and having called up the boy, who still persisted in his untruth, he could come to no other determination, but desired Jane to pack up her clothes and leave his house directly ; which the poor girl did, almost overpowered by the wickedness of these children.

Little Mary, who had all this time, from her knowledge of her sister's real conduct respecting

the funeral, suspected that she was the culprit, at last fell on her knees before her father, and told him all their dispute about the frillings of the dress, and her true reason for not going to the funeral of her poor mother.

“Yes,” said Mornington, “and I knew it also. Glad indeed am I to find that Mary has at last seen the wickedness of concealing her sister’s faults. I heard your sister’s observation, and I verily believe that she broke your fan, and threw your jewel out of the window, in the wicked spirit of revenge.”

At this moment, the poor housemaid entered the room. “Oh, good sir!” said she, “I have discovered it all. The gardener says he saw Miss Lucy throw something out of the window, and in a few seconds a magpie flew away with it. My nephew now says he bought the jewel of a boy, for his pop-gun. His name is Swap, and here he is.”

So Swap was brought forward, who said, that he saw the magpie fly over the garden-wall with the heart, which he dropped on the other side; that he picked it up, and that he afterwards exchanged it for a pop-gun.

Lucy, now fearing the effects of the discovery, immediately began to confess the whole of her delinquency, but with so many falsehoods, implicating others, that her father, in the height of his incensed feelings, rang the bell for her to be taken away from him and sent to school. Mary again

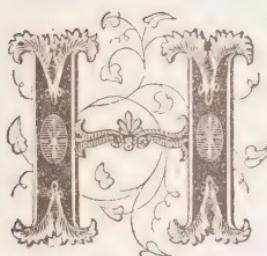
fell on her knees, to ask forgiveness, and Lucy stood abashed and crying.

The end of the story is, that Lucy was placed by herself for several weeks—she ate, drank, and slept by herself; her word was not taken; she was never to be believed. After a due and proper course of training and instruction, she was by degrees admitted to the family circle; but for years her father would place no dependence upon her word. As she grew older and wiser, she at last saw the propriety of this discipline, and began to set her mind earnestly about amendment. She found, though, that lying having become habitual, there was great difficulty in shaking it off. By perseverance, however, and by Divine assistance (without which she would have made little progress) she did break herself of telling falsehoods; and by the time she grew up, became remarkable for her veracity, and proper feeling, and excellent conduct.

But, my dear children, it is not every child who is blessed with kind parents, judicious governesses, or who can spare the time for such a course of discipline; preventive in this case is better than cure. Never tell a lie, for you know not what may come of it. It may lead not only to serious consequences to yourself, but to others, and is the parent of half the wickedness that infects this deceitful world.

STORY OF A CABIN BOY.

Oh a sweet cherub sits smiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.—DIBDIN.



ERE is a strange story, about a cabin boy, would you like to hear it? Poor Jack! yes, that was his name; poor little Jack.

Jack's father died when he was only three years old, leaving his property to Jack, his only son, or, in the event of his death, to an elder brother, a captain in the navy. His name was Roden.

It is not very common for sailors to have hard and wicked hearts, but Roden had. He often wished little Jack dead; for then, you see, he would have come into possession of his property.

Jack could not touch a farthing of his money before he was twenty-one years of age, and his poor mother had little to support him with; she was therefore glad to see him taken notice of by his uncle, who pretended to be very fond of him.



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This was his hypocrisy, for he wished in his heart to make away with him.

He often used to say to himself, “I wish the young monkey would contrive to fall sick and die, or set fire to his pinafore, or kill himself with eating too much, as many children do, or fall into the water and get drowned;” and at last, after wishing all this ill luck to no purpose, he would exclaim, “Ay, it is no use wishing;” and then he would go grumbling to sea again.

You see old Roden wanted to leave off going to sea, and enjoy himself at home; and so that he could do this, he did not care who suffered.

So he set about scheming how he should get rid of his young nephew; and one day, when he came from off a voyage, he went to little Jack’s mother’s house, and entered into some conversation with her about her son.

Says he, “The boy is old enough now to go to sea: he ought to be fond of a seafaring life; why do you not bring him up to it?” His mother said, “Why, brother-in-law, he is but seven years old; there is plenty of time to think of that; let him go to school.”

“School! Pshaw,” said the bad man; “it is all nonsense. School spoils boys; they are never good for any thing after they have been cut and hacked about by a schoolmaster—it breaks their spirit, and makes them timid. However, to give him a taste for the sea, I have got a fine ship for you, Jack, and will send it up to you to-morrow,

and you can amuse yourself with it in the river, and make yourself a sailor."

The ship which uncle Roden had prepared for his little nephew was one of the largest toy-ships ever built ; for it was nearly large enough to carry two such little boys as himself, and was fitted up and rigged with the greatest exactness ; it was, in short, a little man-of-war.

The reason why Jack's uncle gave him this ship was, not because he loved him, or designed to please him, but because he thought that, like other children, he might be tempted to get into his ship and have a sail, as it was such a very large one ; and then he might stand a chance of being drowned.

So the ship was brought the next morning, and little Jack was delighted with it beyond measure. He thought his uncle one of the kindest of all gentlemen in the world ; and his mother said, " You see, my dear, although your uncle does snarl at you sometimes, he is very fond of you ; and I hope you love him very dearly."

" Oh that I do, mamma," said Jack ; " he is a dear, good, kind uncle, I know, or else he would never have given me such a beautiful ship. I do not mind his rough words ; I have heard people say his bark was harder than his bite."

So the next day Jack went to sail his vessel ; his mother told him to be very careful, and not get into the water ; and, above all, not to think of getting into the ship to sail her ; " for should you

do so," said she, "you might stand a chance of being drowned."

So Jack went to sail his ship. It was a fine, warm, sunny morning, and every thing looked so bright and happy, that Jack seemed as if he could have jumped up to the sky, he was so light hearted.

So away he went, dragging his boat on wheels, for it was too big to carry; and before he had gone far a school-fellow met him. It was Henry Roebuck. "Let me go with you," said Henry. "Yes, if you like," said Jack; "come along, come along."

So away went the two boys, direct towards the river, to a place called Martlesham Creek, and in a pretty quiet spot. The *Decoy Duck*, for that was the ship's name, was put into the water.

Well, she sailed splendidly, and the boys were much delighted. They tried her with the wind and against the wind, across the river and down the river; at last Roebuck said, "Let me get into her, I am sure I can manage her."

Jack said to himself, "Mother told me not to go into the ship, for fear I should be drowned. But ought I to let any body else go in? that is the question." His conscience told him he ought not. But he said, "I don't see why I should prevent any body else having a sail; there is no harm in it."

But there was harm in it, and little Jack's heart told him so; it was not right to risk another boy's life any more than his own. But he did not do what he ought to have done. You shall know the result.

Henry got into the ship, and put the helm round ; and she went so beautifully down the stream, that Jack shouted with delight. Then Henry turned her head, and sailed across ; then he made her tack again and again from side to side. At last Henry called out, “ Why don’t you try her, Jack ? ” Saying this, he came to the shore.

“ I should like to have a try,” thought Jack ; but then his mother’s injunction seemed to say, no. But then said he to himself, “ There is no danger, and that makes it quite different.” “ There is no danger, is there, Henry ? ” said he.

“ Not a bit,” said Henry. “ I would not mind sailing her quite down to the water-mill.” This was nearly a mile off.

“ Well,” said Jack, “ if you sail her down to the water-mill, I’ll sail her down to Kyson.” This was a place a mile below the water-mill.

So away went Henry, boat and all. The wind was fair, and Jack had much to do to keep up with her, as he ran on the banks of the river down the stream.

In less than half an hour both reached the water-mill ; and if Jack had been before delighted with his boat, he was much more so now. Eager indeed was he to try his skill, and have a sail.

Without thinking of what his mother had said to him, he leaped into the ship, and away he went as fast as the wind and tide could carry him, onwards towards the sea, in fine style.

When he reached the place called Kyson, he

tried to guide his ship towards the shore, but found that his rudder had been broken off, and he could not make her turn in the way he wished ; so away she drifted towards the sea, Henry all the while calling out, “ Stop, stop.”

Glad indeed would Jack have been to stop, but he could not. The ship went on ; and, as he found the danger increased, he lost his presence of mind ; and in less than another half hour, Jack heard the sea roaring. The wind seemed to blow, too, fresher than ever. Then he began to think of his wickedness in not taking his mother’s advice.

Away went the little ship, and away went Jack, calling out loudly for assistance, but to no purpose. The ship danced upon the waters—she rocked again—she was out at sea.

Jack tried to make her turn towards the shore, and she did bend her course a little and hove round ; but just as Jack began to have hope, she capsized, and overboard he went ; and his pretty boat was bottom up.

Jack had learned to swim, and he buffeted the billows for some time. Now he was lifted up upon the waves, and saw the land ; and then he sank down again, and all was dark. His heart failed him—his hands grew stiff—it was the cramp.

At this moment he felt the sharp teeth of something at his neck ; he gave a scream—and saw and heard no more. What do you think it was ? It was the gripe of a Newfoundland dog, which had been sent out after him by a gentleman walking on

the beach. The noble creature seized him by the collar, and in a few minutes bore him safely to land.

There was never such a fine fellow! He looked the glory of his species. He reached the shore safely, and laid his exhausted burden on the sand.

Poor Jack was some time before he recovered—but he was not dead; and by the exertions of the gentleman to whom the dog belonged, and the people at the cottage on the beach, and the clergyman of the parish, he was restored to life. His first enquiry, poor fellow, was for his mother; and the half heart-broken widow was soon standing by his side.

Jack was taken home and put to bed, and attentively watched for several days. His uncle Roden came to see him, and pretended to be very sorry for what had occurred. He was, however, only sorry that the poor boy was not drowned.

It was a long while before the young shipwrecked sailor went into a boat again, and perhaps he would never have done so, had it not been for his uncle, who, when he came from his next voyage, endeavoured to persuade Jack's mother to send him to sea.

"Look you, Sarah," said he (for that was the widow's name,) "if you coddle the boy in this way, he will never be good for any thing; money or no money, he ought to rough it. Look at the son of our King George, the young Duke of Clarence. He may be a king, like his father, some

day, and he goes to sea, just like the poorest boy in the world."

"I cannot part with him yet," said the good woman. "How do you think I should feel when I heard the November gales beating the tiles about the house, and the chimneys falling, and the inn signs creaking, and the black night coming on? How could I sit at my fireside? how could I sleep in my bed? I should go mad, brother Roden."

"You will be worse than mad not to let your son have a good chance. Here is the good ship Grampus, as tight a ship as ever crossed the bar of our river; she sails like a swan in the water, and dips her nose into the foaming billows as if she cared no more for the storm than she did about her christening. A brave ship, and will make a mint of money, I'll warrant. The man who built her has always been uncommonly lucky with his ships."

"Luck, or no luck," said John's mother, "the boy shall not part from me. I would not let him go for the world."

"Then you are——"

"His mother," interrupted the woman; and at this moment Jack rushed into her arms, and she almost smothered him with kisses, and pressed him to her heart.

Old Roden turned away at this, as if he was quite disgusted. His heart was as hard as a piece of flint.

However, as he walked home, he said to him-

self, "There are more ways than one to kill a drake. This youngster shall not baffle me, or my name is not Roden."

So he pondered and pondered, and thought and thought, as he walked along; and many a time his fingers gave his wig a hitch up behind as he went. He schemed and schemed, till he seemed quite angry with himself at not hitting on a plan likely to suit his purpose, by which he might get his young nephew out of the way.

Satan very often comes to people pretty readily when they want to do any thing wrong. In this case, however, it was otherwise, and the old captain went mumbling along till he reached the church-yard. The moon was rising over the "ivy mantled" tower, and every thing looked quiet and serene.

"I have got it," said he, and struck his stick upon the stile which led to the church; "I have got it! The young rogue shall go to sea, in spite of his mother.

"Yes, yes, he must be got off somehow; let me see, how shall it be?—take him off by night, send him aboard a man-of-war, and then—umph! —ha!"

He might well pause and say umph, and ha, for at that very moment the moon-beams fell upon a grave stone, on which was written, "Sacred to the Memory of ——." It was his brother's.

Woo whoop—woo! said the old owl in the

steeples top ; and then the jackdaws fluttered and cawed ; and then the clock struck twelve.

"What a stupid old fool I am," said he, and made his way out of the church-yard as quickly as possible. "I declare I am." And here he took a sup from his brandy bottle, which seemed to revive him.

So he went home, but he slept little that night ; he plotted and plotted, till his head ached ; at last, he determined that Jack should be kidnapped and sent to sea.

When the vessel got under weigh in a few days after, the old man bribed two of the sailors to go and seize Jack and bring him on board, while the ship waited at a small creek about three miles down the river.

The sailors came up to a spot near to the dwelling of Jack, and loitered about, thinking they might see him. It was in the evening, and most boys have a game of play in the evening ; besides, it was moonlight.

The moonlight danced among the green leaves, and chequered the field paths with a flickering light. Jack had been to visit a sick schoolfellow, and was coming home with his heart not very merry. "Thank God," he said, at last, "that I am not sick ; I should not like to lie on a sick bed from week's end to week's end. Poor Arthur, it is very hard for him. I wish I had taken him another orange or two ; and I will in the morning, fair or foul."

One of the sailors whispered to the other, as they stood behind a tree—"That is he! shall we give him a knock at once?"

"Stop a minute," said the other, "till I take the gag out of my pocket."

Jack walked on, little thinking of the danger that was near him; for he was thinking of his mother. "I wonder what thing my mother would like for her supper. I have got sixpence in my pocket, and I think I shall go and buy her a lobster; she is fond of lobsters, and I will, too."

"No, you won't," said one of the sailors. "You won't, indeed, young gentleman," said the other, and both seized him rudely by the collar.

"Oh, do not harm me! What have I done? Oh! pray let me go. Oh, pray!"

"Hold your tongue, or I will half murder you," said the first. "Yes, hold your tongue, you rascal," said the other, and squeezed his throat as if he would choke him. He then placed the gag over or in his mouth, and blindfolding him, they both dragged the poor boy away towards his uncle's ship.

He was put into a place in the forecastle, and kept below for several days, till the ship was far out at sea. At last, he was brought on deck, and there he saw his hard-hearted and cruel uncle.

"Oh! uncle," said the little boy, "won't you punish these naughty men for ill using me as they have done?"

"Not I, boy," said the uncle. "Won't you be

a cabin boy!—you must be, and therefore you have nothing to do but mind what I say to you. There, go aloft, and help to furl that sail yonder."

Jack was not used to going aloft, but his uncle looked so cross that he seemed afraid to disobey him, so he did as he was bidden. When he came down, his uncle said he was an awkward young scoundrel.

They sailed for several days without any thing particular happening, and it grew warmer and warmer every day. At last, Jack heard some one say, they were getting near the coast of Africa, and that they had entered the Gut of Gibraltar.

Soon after, several dark looking fellows came on board, and held consultation with his uncle. They were Algerines, and came on board to purchase some English knives, swords, and fire-arms. After the bargain was concluded, Jack was ordered to come on deck, and found that he was sold with the other articles.

"Take him along with you," said Roden, "and the sooner the better; he will do well for the Dey, and will make his fortune I dare say." The wicked old man had sold him for a slave.

Jack fell on the deck, and clung to his uncle's knees—"Oh! pray save me—save me from these ugly men! Oh! dear uncle, let me go back again to my poor mother."

"Hand him over his hammock," said the cap-

tain ; " don't stand long about it—away with him ; " and so one of the men hauled his hammock on deck, and, giving a swing, passed it over the ship's side, while he still kept imploring his uncle for mercy.

The old man said nothing, but beckoned to the Algerines to come and take him. So Jack was taken, more dead than alive, and forced over the ship's side into the boat of the Algerines.

Jack still called out to his uncle while the boat pushed off, but to no purpose. The old man turned a deaf ear to him ; he looked once over the side of the ship, and then turned abruptly away, and put the helm down, and the ship went about.

Forced now to lie down at the bottom of the boat by the Algerines, Jack cried till he was quite spent. The boat hoisted a sail, and drew rapidly towards the shore. There was a storm rising, and it looked very black overhead ; there was, however, no wind.

The sail was lowered, and the Algerines took to their oars, and after about an hour's hard pulling, the boat reached a low sandy coast, and went boldly upon it.

All hands now got out, and took Jack with them. They bound his hands behind him, and then sat down on the sand to take some food, of rice bread and dried fruit.

Jack had a morsel thrown to him ; and having drawn the boat up high and dry on the sands, they all departed in an easterly direction. As

they travelled on, the country became more bold and rocky; and mounting one of the hills, Jack turned his eyes towards the sea, and there, like a dim speck in the horizon, was his uncle's ship, sailing, to appearance, towards England. The poor boy burst into tears.

He was made to leave off, by some heavy blows dealt upon him by one of the russians, and forced to move on at a quicker rate; and now the winds began to blow, and the thunder was heard in the distance: presently vivid lightning ran upon the tops of the waves, and the sea was in convulsions.

The rain now descended in torrents, and the party crept into a cleft of one of the rocks facing the sea. The storm continued for an hour or two; some of the men slept; at last, however, the report of a gun roused them.

They rushed forward on the rock. The report had proceeded from a ship in distress, setting headlong towards the shore. The Union Jack was hoisted on a piece of the broken mast; the sails were torn to ribands, and the starboard bow completely carried away by the violence of the waves.

Bang again went the cannon, and a dreadful cry was heard on board. The sea rolled over the ship, for she was now among the breakers of a ledge of rocks jutting out to sea. Jack looked—it was his uncle's ship.

Presently a boat was lowered, into which several of the sailors crowded; it went a little distance

from the ship, but an overwhelming wave of surge and foam swallowed it up like a nut-shell.

Another boat beat off from the ship ; in it was Jack's uncle. He waved his hand to the shore ; in a moment he was carried to the top of a mountain of wave—the next minute he and the boat and all in it were engulfed.

The ship soon broke up, and came on shore piece by piece. The Algerines rejoiced, and staid for several days on the spot, picking up the wreck. Three days afterwards, as they were all wandering along to see what they could find, Jack discovered the body of his uncle stretched on the shore, which the Algerines rifled.

Jack wished to give his relation a burial-place, and made signs to the men that he should like to dig a grave for him ; and he was allowed to go and try to scratch a hole in the sand with a bit of old plank and a cutlass.

It was towards evening when he went to this service ; and he had not been long at work before he heard a strange noise. He looked behind him, and there stood an immense lion, with his head crouching, just about to make a dreadful spring.

Jack shrieked out wildly and ran off. The lion seemed rather surprised, and, instead of following him, walked very deliberately to the body, and, taking it up by the neck, dragged it along, with apparent ease, to a small clump of trees, at a little distance.

The Algerines laughed at Jack's fright, and

seemed more kind to him. They were upon good terms with themselves, from the luck of the wreck and the wealth they had obtained; and seemed disposed to be very merry.

After a while, several casks of spirits were washed up, and these were received by the savage fellows with great delight; they started the bungs, and in a very short time obtained access to the liquor.

Drunkenness followed, and two of the four began to quarrel; at last one struck the other a blow with his short crooked sword, when in a moment the person struck stabbed his foe to the heart with a short knife; before, however, he had fallen, another blow told upon his assailant, and both fell, never to rise again.

Jack was now alone with two men only; where, he knew not. Both of his kidnappers, or whatever else we may call them, were still intoxicated; they seemed scarcely conscious of what was going on, and sank in slumber. Jack now formed the design of escaping.

But where was he to fly to? he knew not the country, and he feared the lions and other wild beasts; but, said he to himself, "Wild beasts cannot be worse than these men;" and so taking as much provision as he could, from that washed ashore, in a bag upon his shoulder, and cramming his pockets with biscuit and dried meat, putting a cutlass by his side, a brace of pistols, and a little

powder and shot in his bosom, he darted off as fast as his legs could carry him.

Jack determined to keep as near as possible to the sea coast, that he might take advantage of any British ship that hove in sight. He travelled all that day and all the next night without seeing or meeting with any living thing; and now, thinking he was too far for pursuit, he sat himself down on the hot sands, and, after taking a plentiful meal, fell asleep.

When Jack awoke, he found he had slept an entire afternoon and night. The sun was rising on the hills behind him: he looked around, but all was barren: he listened, but nothing was to be heard except the gentle dashings of the great sea along the shore, and the lonely scream of a few sea-birds fluttering about the rocks.

He continued his course as close to the seaside as possible; sometimes, however, he had to go a considerable distance out of his way, owing to the sea breaking close under the rocks. He travelled the whole of the day: at last his progress was stopped by the course of a considerable river, which fell into the sea at the spot he had reached.

To cross this river was impossible; so he turned round the point, determined to trace his way along its banks. After walking for several miles, he found the tide returning. He had some thoughts of endeavouring to make himself a sort of boat of the gigantic rushes which grew near the spot, but

was deterred from attempting it by observing, at a little distance, some people fishing.

They appeared to be Africans, for their skin was dark, and they were nearly naked. He drew near to them with great caution; and when he came close enough to get a full sight of them, he was so frightened at their fierce looks, that he dashed away as quickly as possible.

The Barbary men (for Jack was on the coast of Barbary without knowing it) continued their sport on the water without noticing Jack; but just as he was struggling through a little thicket, he suddenly came to two women, engaged in picking rice, who immediately uttered a loud cry, and ran off to the men. In a moment the fishing was suspended, and all ran like so many bloodhounds after Jack.

The poor lad dashed along the side of the river at full speed. His pursuers, however, came near him, and discharged their long fishing spears at him, happily without effect. Again they pursued, gaining upon him at every step. Jack's breath was almost spent, and he gave himself up for lost. The spears were again hurled, and one inflicted a wound on his shoulder.

The savages were now within about twenty yards of Jack, but at this moment he discovered a canoe lying at the edge of the water; the rising tide had caused it to float: in a moment Jack jumped into it, and, before either of the men could get up to him, by a dexterous push with his cutlass, he was floating on the stream.

The savages gave a loud yell, and again discharged their spears, without effect, however, for they were too much excited and out of breath with running, to take deliberate aim. There were paddles in the canoe, and Jack plied them so skilfully that, in a few minutes, he was in the middle of the river.

Jack now made way with the tide as fast as he could, keeping near the opposite side of the river. He heard the halloos of the savages for some time, but at last they died away. When he thought himself out of danger, he began to refresh himself; and it was a lucky thing that he had taken the precaution to stuff his pocket with beef and biscuit, for his bag of provisions had been dropped at the onset of the chase.

The boat went on with the tide, and Jack now looked about him. It was a noble river, about a mile and a half wide, and in some parts broad leaved and lofty trees stood close to the water's edge. At last, however, the tide began to recede, and it was necessary for the young adventurer to row against it, or stop.

As it was drawing towards evening, he preferred the latter, and drew his forest canoe on shore, into a little copse which overhung a small creek of the river.

Here he determined to rest for the night; and, having made some rude rope of the long tough grass that grew on the spot, he bowsed the canoe

up to the branches of a tree that hung there very conveniently.

Again he slept as sound as a top. In the morning when he awoke, he heard thousands of birds singing all about him—some of the most beautiful hues. He ate sparingly of his provisions, for he did not know how long he might be a fugitive ; and having taken down his canoe bed, again launched it on the unknown river.

Our young adventurer continued to proceed up the stream, not knowing whither he went. He thought it likely that it would lead to some inhabited place, as streams usually do ; nor was he long disappointed ; for, towards evening of the next day, he beheld in the distance the glittering house tops of a town or city, and his heart beat high with hope.

The tide had fallen, and Jack was obliged to pull away lustily, to keep his canoe going ahead. He now rounded a small point of land, and a town broke upon his view. He drew near the shore ; and, under the brows of a craggy cliff, he beheld two grave looking men, who appeared to be Turks or Arabs, sitting. The younger of the two had a map or plan in his hand, and he seemed to be consulting it with some anxiety.

When they saw Jack approach, the elder rose up and looked at him steadfastly ; he then cast his quick piercing eyes up and down the stream ; then he listened—spoke to his companion, and, in the

end, drew his sabre, and came close to the water's edge.

Jack rowed his boat ashore, and, leaping out, fell down on his knees before the Arab, who said something to his companion, and beckoned him to approach. He did so. The Arab looked at his boat, then at him : at last one said "English."

"Yes, I am a poor English boy," said Jack. "The ship in which I was has been wrecked ; and I have come many miles up the stream, and want to go back to England."

The Arabs did not seem to understand him ; but they beckoned him to sit down, which he did. One of them then took from his bosom a bottle containing a sweet strong liquor, which he gave Jack to drink.

This was a welcome draught, and seemed to revive him ; and he showed his gratitude by gestures. The Arabs went on with their map-drawing, as it appeared to be ; and, in about half an hour, having finished, they beckoned Jack to follow.

After going through a rugged, deep, and narrow pass among the hills, the path suddenly opened on an extensive plain ; and here was drawn up, as in battle array, a numerous host of Arabs. Presently a cannonading was heard ; and then a thousand horses, with brave Arabs mounted on them, charged towards a host of infantry, a long way off. Jack could hear the roar of the cannon, and saw the smoke, but could distinguish little else.

After a while the troops of Arabian horse

seemed to be beaten back ; they, however, formed on the plain, and rallied. A more numerous body now joined them, and they dashed back again to the fight, shouting “Allah! Allah!” and brandishing their weapons with great fury.

The roar of cannon was again heard, more dreadful than before : thousands were swept away by the shot. Now hundreds of horses were to be seen without riders ; and as many dismounted horsemen rushed from the scene of combat.

The retreat was sounded. The Arabs, who had looked upon the fortunes of the day with great emotion, beckoned some of their attendants, and Jack was seized, and borne away with the retreating party, which in a large body, but with considerable order, fled towards the hills.

Jack was placed on horseback, and was obliged to hold on as he could. It was an Arabian charger, and as full of mettle as a lion. He followed in the mass of fugitives, and, after about two hours' flight, drew near to the walls of a large town.

The troops and Arabs entered it. Jack was taken and thrown into a dungeon, and left to his own meditations ; and there he stayed for several long days. He had a few pieces of his biscuit left about him, or he would have starved. At last he heard again the thundering of artillery, the shouts of soldiers, and the trampling of horse. This was succeeded by a dead silence. Day after day passed, and the poor lad heard and saw nothing. His

dungeon was dark and damp ; his food was exhausted ; and, after much pain of heart and body, he laid himself down on a rude pallet he found in the place, and prayed for death.

After lying for some time in a state of great agony, he thought he heard footsteps : he listened —he heard voices ; and presently the door of his dungeon opened, and into it entered two fierce looking blacks : one held a torch up, and Jack could tell by their looks that they meditated something dreadful. They had, too, strangling cords in their hands.

Determined to sell his life as dearly as possible, he sprang on his feet, and levelled his pistols at the intruders, who shrunk back, and in a minute afterwards vanished from the dungeon much quicker than they had entered it.

In about half an hour, Jack again heard the sound of footsteps ; the door was opened, and in strode an officer, in full regimentals, attended by a file of European soldiers. They were Frenchmen. The soldiers levelled their firelocks : Jack called out, “Pray do not kill a poor English lad.”

The soldiers raised their muskets, and the officer came forward and took hold of Jack by the collar, and the whole proceeded to the open air. At first the sun’s light was too much for Jack’s eyes, and he seemed to be quite blind.

He was taken to the guard house of the French

regiment, and interrogated by the colonel; who, being able to speak English, learned the whole of Jack's history. He told him that, although his country was at war with England, he should take care that he should be protected.

In a few days the French army (for this was a part of Buonaparte's army, that went into Egypt, in 1805) encamped near the Pyramids of Egypt; and at last, to Jack's great joy, he saw in the distance the British flag waving.

It was, however, a sad pleasure to him, for he knew that the British arms were hostile to his deliverers. The next morning the battle began, by a furious cannonading from the English troops. All day long the victory seemed precarious; at last however, it was decided by a regiment of the Scotch Highlanders marching up, in spite of a murderous fire from the French cannon, and deliberately taking possession of their artillery.

Jack made no effort to run away, but squeezed himself in behind some of the baggage-wagons; and, when the slaughter was over, ventured out. The first person he spoke to was a Highland sergeant, who took him up in his arms as if he had been his own son.

Our little hero was, however, a long way from his native home; and when he thought of his mother, and what she must have felt for him, during his long absence, he used to burst into tears, and would sometimes lie and weep all night.

After some weeks the army had orders to pro-

ceed homewards; and in a few days Jack embarked, on board a transport, for England. At last, after many and many an anxious longing, the white cliffs of Britain rose up in the clear sunlight. Jack's heart danced more merrily than the sunlight on the sea. He wished for the wings of a bird, that he might fly towards the shore.

Poor little fellow, he did meet his mother at last. She had thought him dead, and had been into mourning for him; for news had reached her that Roden's ship and all hands had perished.

It was on a Sunday evening that Jack reached his native village. His poor heart-broken and afflicted mother was sitting, reading her Bible, in a corner of the window. Jack passed by the house; he could not go in; he was afraid the shock would be too great for her.

So he went round to the garden. There was the old dog, Rose, who knew him in a minute; he sprang upon the lad, and seemed almost to eat him in delight. Then he frisked, then he barked; then he ran to his mistress, and pulled her by the apron. Then he ran into the garden again, and plucked Jack by the trousers; then he leaped, and at last sat down and yelled loudly for very joy.

The poor widow could not tell what all this meant; but coming to the garden door, she beheld her son. She gave a loud shriek, and fell down, apparently lifeless.

Jack ran and held up her head, and chased her hands and temples; at last she seemed to revive a

little, and, clasping Jack in her arms, strained him to her breast, and fell back again in a sort of stupor.

She speedily recovered, and you may judge of the mutual delight of the mother and son in each other. How much the son had to relate, and how earnestly the mother listened. With a thankful heart she uttered the words of the Bible :—

“ ‘ For this my son was dead, and is alive again ; was lost, and is found.’ ” And here the tears relieved her.

Such is the history of poor Jack, who became a dutiful son, and was the stay and comfort of his mother’s old age, as every good boy will be.



A TURKISH STORY.



CONSTANTINOPLE is a very beautiful city, surrounded with gardens, and abounding in mosques, which are the places of worship of the Turks. The city is built along the shores of the Bosphorus on seven hills, and a part of it is embosomed in groves, from amid which gilded domes ascend to a great height.

In this city dwelt an old Greek, a fisherman, whose name was Boetes; and a fine old fellow he was. He was somewhat rude and fierce in exterior, but had as warm and kind a heart as ever beat in an honest breast. The truly brave are generally kind-hearted, you know

'Tis not, however, every kind-hearted person who meets with the encouragement he ought, nor every good person; because, if that were to be the case, we should always have an interested motive for doing right; whereas, we should do what is right, because it is right.

Boetes was one day sailing in his little boat

round the point of land in the bay, which goes by the name of the Golden Horn, singing and humming to himself one of the old Greek songs, when the principal officer of the Sultan was proceeding, in a contrary direction, in his state barge, accompanied by his family. Boetes, who was very busy mending a part of his tackle, which had suddenly broken, did not see the Caliph who was approaching; and, in a moment, his boat ran directly against the beautiful gilded prow.

The Turkish sailors in the suite of the Caliph roared out lustily; the guards who attended upon him levelled their guns, and fired. Luckily, however, the balls only passed through the boat of Boetes. As it was, the only misfortune was the sinking of his boat, which soon began to fill with water, and Boetes leaped out into the sea, and swam for his life to the shore, which he reached, much exhausted.

Before, however, the poor man could congratulate himself upon his safety, or lament the loss of his boat, he found himself surrounded by Turkish soldiery, who hurried him towards the market place, where the attendants of the Caliph were fixing up some public order. In a short space of time, he was thrown down on the ground, and the black slaves were about to apply the bastinado to the soles of his feet for the offence of which he had unintentionally been guilty.

At this moment, however, a little girl, not more than eight years old, screamed violently. She

could not bear to see an old man so used ; she begged and implored her father to spare him. The Caliph, who was very fond of his little girl, took her up in his arms, and kissed her. The little girl, whose name was Selina, then said, “ The poor man has lost his boat, father.”

“ Let him have a boat,” said the Caliph ; “ and mark’ee, thou dog of a Greek, if ever thou rowest against the prow of one of the faithful again, thou shalt hang by the neck—Christian dog !”

This last word he said with a sneer, and turned away ; for you must know that the Turks hate the Christians, and think them infidels and wicked people. When the Caliph turned away, Selina smiled on the poor old man, and seemed quite rejoiced that she had performed a good action.

Boetes made for home as fast as possible, and was astonished soon after to find that the slight direction of the Caliph had been performed most scrupulously. A boat, far better than the one sunk so unceremoniously in the Bosphorus, was on the shore opposite to the fisherman’s hut ; and Boetes went to work again most cheerfully.

There is a proverb, which I would wish my young readers never to forget—namely, that no person is so poor, or helpless, but he may, at some time or other, be in a condition to perform a service, to do an injury, or to return a kindness. I do not say this because I would have people do their duty to others, in hopes of reward, but be-

cause I wish no one to think meanly of the poor, or the apparently indigent.

Boetes did not see the Caliph or his daughter for long after this, but he often thought of the latter; and, being a good Christian, never failed to remember the little girl in his prayers. Time passed on, and, as is common in Constantinople, and every where else, brought many changes with it; and it so happened, that the Grand Sultan was one day taking his accustomed ride in the grounds of the palace. The Caliph, who had been for some time out of favour with the Court, was also riding in the same vicinity, mounted upon a spirited charger, which required great management to govern; he unwittingly rode against the Sultan's horse, which immediately began to plunge, rear, and to kick violently. The Caliph turned his steed away, and tried to get out of sight as fast as possible; but the Sultan's horse, in the very pride of his mettle, would not suffer himself to be outdone in speed, and galloped after that of the Caliph, to the no small discomfiture of both.

The Sultan was, however, at last rescued from his danger, and immediately began to blame the Caliph. There is nothing so easy as to find fault with those we do not like. The Sultan, therefore, declared the Caliph's act of riding near him to be a treasonable design, and gave orders for his immediate arrest; so the unfortunate Caliph was hurried off to the prison of the Seven Towers, a strong castle on the banks of the Bosphorus.

When the news reached the home of the unfortunate Turk, his family, as might be supposed, were in the utmost consternation; and, as it very often happens in those despotic countries, that the wife and family of an accused person share the fate of the accused, poor Selina and her mother, with a little brother, not more than six years old, made the best of their way into the desert mountains, at no great distance from the city.

They knew not where to look for a friend, and feared their hiding place might be discovered. They saw, in a few days after their flight, a party of soldiers traversing the hills on which they had concealed themselves, and felt certain, that on the morrow they must be discovered.

The place to which the fugitives had fled, was the remains of an old Turkish castle, situated among the wildest and most desolate rocks. The ruin stood on a conical crag; and a small lake skirted its feet, whose black waters looked the very picture of gloom and despondency.

It was moonlight, and at the dead hour of midnight. Selina, who with her mother, and little brother, was sleeping in a cold damp hole underneath the ruins, awoke. She had been dreaming. The whole of the scene of the poor Greek, whom she had saved from being bastinadoed, was recalled in her mind; she thought she saw him again cast on the ground, and felt the rough beard of her father when he kissed her. Waking in this feeling, she immediately said to herself, "Oh, the

poor old man ! I am sure, if I could find him out, he would give us food, and not let us die with hunger."

She arose, and went towards the light. The moon was shining wanly upon the scene around ; there was nothing but dry, hard, barren rock and stones, and a solitary bird flying over the lifeless lake.

Selina came forth from her hiding place, and looked about her. She felt very hungry, poor child. She again went back to her mother and brother ; they were both asleep. She paused ; she gave her mamma a kiss ; and then, quick as lightning, leaped back into the moonlight, and bent her steps rapidly over the barren rocks.

She first skirted the lake for nearly a quarter of a mile, and then turned up into a deep gorge, or defile, among the hills, which stood on each side of her an immense height. Here, all was dark ; for the rays of the moon could not penetrate the gloom. Poor little girl ! she trembled as she went, and feared that some of the loose rocks might fall upon her head as she passed along.

After this, she came to a deep hollow glen, much more hideous than any part of the mountains she had before seen. She had mistaken her path, and wandered to a place, above all others, the most fearful. As she went on, with hesitating step, she heard a hiss ; and an enormous snake dashed from one of the overgrown crannies in the side of the mountain. She saw its glistening

back in the moonlight, and almost fainted with terror.

Still, however, she passed on, descending at every step, into a dark and gloomy hollow. Once or twice she thought of retracing her steps; but felt too tired to ascend the sides of the rock again. Presently she thought she heard footsteps; then voices; and, lastly, she clearly beheld the glittering of arms.

She stopped; and, as the footsteps appeared to get nearer, withdrew herself behind a projecting rock. Presently, she saw two armed men arise from the dell below, who came and stood close to the spot where she was. Both were well armed, but she could not distinguish the face of either.

At last, one, addressing the other, said, "Depend upon it we are betrayed, or they would have been here."

"Nay, nay; give time, give time," said the other. "I know my men too well; they will be here."

The voice of the last person who spoke seemed familiar to Selina. She listened again. It was the voice of the chief Janizary, whom she had frequently seen in her father's mansion.

"Look, here they come," said the same voice; and immediately a considerable body of armed men ascended the craggy sides of the mountain, and halted where their commander stood. They were completely armed; and one of them, who

seemed to be of higher authority than the rest, came to the chief.

"Every thing is done," said he; "Ramadan is the challenge. We have placed our confederates in nearly every avenue of the palace. The western portal is the only place of entrance not within our power; but this being so near the town, will be most likely unprotected when the city is fired."

From farther conversation which passed between the conspirators, Selina learnt that it was in contemplation for the Janizaries to set fire to the city of Constantinople, and, during the confusion, to make themselves masters of the seraglio, or palace; to kill the Sultan, and for the Agra, or chief Janizary, to place himself on the throne.

Selina, poor child, although only twelve years old, knew well enough the importance of this secret; and resolved to make the best use of it she was able. She therefore took the first opportunity of leaving her concealment, as the conspirators moved away; and, hastening her footsteps, followed the path into which she had so fortunately diverged, and, in less than an hour, found herself within view of the white walls of the seraglio, and the glittering waves of the Bosphorus.

Avoiding the numerous guards posted on all sides of the palace, she skirted its lofty walls; and just before daybreak, found herself at the door of the old fisherman, who was the object of her journey. The old man had not risen, and was by no means pleased at the pebbles being thrown up at

his window. Presently, however, he thrust his head out, and in a somewhat surly mood, enquired “Who is there?”

“‘Tis I,” said Selina; “the poor little girl, daughter of the Caliph Hussan, who saved you from the bastinado four years ago. I am dying with hunger.”

“Blessed be God,” said the old man, “what do I hear? I am dreaming sure.” When he rubbed his eyes, and stretched his head farther out of the window—“Starving!—daughter!—right, right; I recollect now,” and down he came.

Selina, wearied with her toilsome night’s walk, had sunk exhausted against the door; so that when the old sailor opened it, the poor child fell immediately into his arms.

“God be praised,” said he; “what is this, poor dear child? Come, come—wake. What ho! wife! wife!” and, in a minute, the good woman was at the side of the exhausted girl. A little wine and some cooked rice soon restored her; and, in a few minutes, she was enabled to relate her night’s adventures.

“Conspiracy against the Sultan—hush! Secure that bolt; barricade the door. Speak not, even in a whisper. We shall be all slaughtered, only to know of such a thing. Ha! the city to be fired—hush! hush! do not say a word.”

“Why, you are surely not in this wicked plot?” said Selina.

“I! No; Heaven forbid. But do you not know

that, in Constantinople, only to know such a thing is death, if we had as many lives as a cat? And every thing is laid to us poor Greeks."

"But what shall be done?" said Selina.

"I know not," said the fisherman.

"Oh, have nothing to do with it," said the wife; "they will lay it all upon our shoulders."

"But my poor father," said Selina; "he is confined in yonder tower, and he will be burnt, and you will be burnt, and the whole city be burnt also."

"I burnt!" said the wife. "Burnt—burnt—city burnt! Is it possible we shall be burnt alive?"

"Yes," said Selina, "and cut to pieces by the cruel Janizaries. The whole palace and city are to be burned. Do save my dear father; he is in one of the seven towers yonder."

Just at this moment a boat was seen slowly gliding along the Bosphorus, from the outer fort. Boetes looked at it with great anxiety. It drew near, and a tall personage leaped out, who, addressing himself to the fisherman, said, "Fisherman, lend me your aid, to go into the mountains yonder. Have ye not garb and gear to fit me?"

"Not now; I cannot, would not. You are a traitor?" So saying, Boetes took down a pistol, and levelled it at the stranger's head. "Yes, he is one of them," said his wife. "Kill him directly, or we shall be all massacred."

"No, he is not one," said Selina; "they were

quite different men to him—quite; more grim and ugly."

"What sayest thou, pretty maiden?" said the stranger. "Tell me—tell me. I am no traitor here, fisherman. Look on this ring."

"Heaven defend me," said Boetes; "it is the Vizier!"

Yes, it was the Grand Vizier; and in a few minutes all was explained. Selina detailed what she had heard and seen, and, in the end, pleaded for her unfortunate father.

"He shall be free," said the Vizier; "I will myself bring his cause before the Sultan."

Selina gave the Vizier the very information he was in search of. A guard was immediately summoned, the mountains were entered, and the chief Janizary taken.

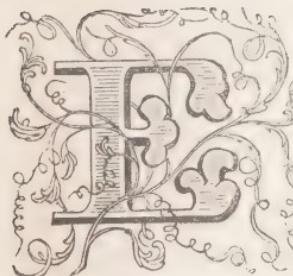
Before the evening sun sunk in the ocean, Selina and her father and all met together, and embraced each other. As to the poor old fisherman, he was advanced to the post of fisherman to the coast, and made captain of the Sultan's fishing boat.





BARRI;

THE DOG OF ST. BERNARD.



VERY other spaniel is exceeded by this dog, as well in size and strength, as in beauty and sagacity. In the last respect, he is perhaps superior to every other dog. A full grown one measures six feet from the point of the nose to the end of the tail, and stands at least two feet high at the shoulder. The offices which these beautiful and highly interesting dogs perform, are very different from those to which the bloodhound has often been degraded; and the following account of their labours, services and sufferings, will be read with interest:—

“The convent of the great St. Bernard is situated at the top of the mountain known by that name, near one of the most dangerous passages of the Alps, between Switzerland and Savoy. On these regions the traveller is often overtaken by the most severe weather, even after days of cloud-

less beauty, when the glaciers glitter in the sunshine, and the pink flowers of the rhododendron appear as if they were never to be sullied by the tempest. But a storm suddenly comes on; the roads are rendered impassable by drifts of snow; the avalanches, which are huge loosened masses of snow or ice, are swept into the valleys, carrying trees and crags of rock before them. The hospitable monks, though their revenue is scanty, open their doors to every stranger that presents himself. To be cold, to be weary, to be benighted, constitute the title to their comfortable shelter, their cheering meal, and their agreeable discourse. But their attention to the distressed does not end here. They devote themselves to the dangerous task of searching for those unhappy persons who may have been overtaken by the sudden storm, and would perish but for their charitable succour. Most remarkably are they assisted in these truly Christian offices. They have a breed of noble dogs in their establishment, whose extraordinary sagacity often enables them to rescue the traveller from destruction. Benumbed with cold, weary in the search for a lost track, his senses yielding to the stupifying influences of frost, which betrays the exhausted sufferer into a deep sleep, the unhappy man sinks upon the ground, and the snow drift covers him from human sight. It is then that the keen scent and the exquisite docility of these admirable dogs are called into action. Though the perishing man lie ten, or even twenty

feet beneath the snow, the delicacy of smell with which they can trace him offers a chance of escape. They scratch away the snow with their feet; they set up a continued hoarse and solemn bark, which brings the monks and labourers of the convent to their assistance. To provide for the chance that the dogs without human help may succeed in saving the unfortunate traveller, one of them has a flask of spirits round his neck, to which the fainting man may apply for support; and another has a cloak to cover them. These wonderful exertions are often successful; and, even when they fail of restoring him who has perished, the dogs discover the body, so that it may be secured for the recognition of friends; and such is the effect of the temperature, that the dead features generally preserve their firmness for two years. One of these noble creatures was decorated with a medal, in commemoration of his having saved the lives of twenty-two persons, who, but for his sagacity, must have perished.* Many travellers who have crossed the passage of St. Bernard since the peace, have seen this dog, and have heard, around the blazing fire of the monks, the story of his extraordinary career. He died about the year 1816, in an attempt to carry a poor traveller to his anxious family. The Piedmontese courier arrived at St. Bernard in a very stormy season, labouring to make his way to the little village of St. Pierre, in

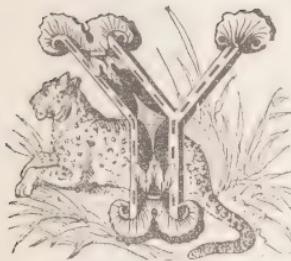
* This dog was named Barri. His portrait, by E. Landseer of the Royal Academy, is placed at the beginning of this article

the valley beneath the mountain, where his wife and family dwelt. It was in vain that the monks attempted to check his resolution to reach his family. They at last gave him two guides, each of whom was accompanied by a dog, of which one was the remarkable creature whose services had been so valuable to mankind. Descending from the convent, they were instantly overwhelmed by two avalanches, and the same common destruction awaited the family of the poor courier, who were toiling up the mountain in the hope to obtain some news of their expected friend. They all perished. A story is told of one of these dogs, who, having found a child unhurt, whose mother had been destroyed by an avalanche, induced the poor boy to mount upon his back, and thus carried him to the gate of the convent. The subject is represented in a French print."





THE BAG OF GOLD.



YOU will be entertained, my young readers, with the following narrative of the poet Rogers.

I dine very often, with the good old Cardinal * * and, I should add, with his cats ; for they always sit at his table, and are much the gravest of the company. His beaming countenance makes us forget his age ; nor did I ever see it clouded till yesterday, when, as we were contemplating the sunset from his terrace, he happened, in the course of our conversation, to allude to an affecting circumstance in his early life.

He had just left the University of Palermo and was entering the army, when he became acquainted with a young lady of great beauty and merit, a Sicilian of a family as illustrious as his own. Living near each other, they were often together ; and, at an age like theirs, friendship soon turns to love. But his father, for what reason I forget, refused his consent to their union ; till, alarmed at the declining health of his son, he promised to

oppose it no longer, if, after a separation of three years, they continued as much in love as ever.

Relying on that promise, he said, I set out on a long journey ; but in my absence the usual arts were resorted to. Our letters were intercepted ; and false rumours were spread—first of my indifference, then of my inconstancy, then of my marriage with a rich heiress of Sienna ; and, when at length I returned to make her my own, I found her in a convent of Ursuline Nuns. She had taken the veil ; and I, said he with a sigh—what else remained for me ?—I went into the church.

Yet many, he continued, as if to turn the conversation, very many have been happy though we were not ; and, if I am not abusing an old man's privilege, let me tell you a story with a better catastrophe. It was told to me when a boy ; and you may not be unwilling to hear it, for it bears some resemblance to that of the Merchant of Venice.

We were now arrived at a pavilion that commanded one of the noblest prospects imaginable ; the mountains, the sea, and the islands illuminated by the last beams of day ; and, sitting down there, he proceeded with his usual vivacity ; for the sadness, that had come across him, was gone.

There lived in the fourteenth century, near Bologna, a widow lady of the Lambertini family, called Madonna Lucrezia, who in a revolution of the State had known the bitterness of poverty, and had even begged her bread ; kneeling day after

day like a statue at the gate of the Cathedral ; her rosary in her left hand and her right held out for charity ; her long black veil concealing a face that had once adorned a court, and had received the homage of as many sonnets as Petrarch has written on Laura.

But Fortune had at last relented ; a legacy from a distant relation had come to her relief ; and she was now the mistress of a small inn at the foot of the Appenines ; where she entertained as well as she could, and where those only stopped who were contented with a little. The house was still standing, when in my youth I passed that way ; though the sign of the White Cross,* the Cross of the Hospitallers, was no longer to be seen over the door ; a sign which she had taken, if we may believe the tradition there, in honour of a maternal uncle, a grand master of that Order, whose achievements in Palestine she would sometimes relate. A mountain stream ran through the garden ; and at no great distance, where the road turned on its way to Bologna, stood a little chapel, in which a lamp was always burning before a picture of the Virgin, a picture of great antiquity, the work of some Greek artist.

Here she was dwelling, respected by all who knew her ; when an event took place, which threw her into the deepest affliction. It was at noon-day in September that three foot travellers arrived,

* La Croce Bianca.

and, seating themselves on a bench under her vine trellis, were supplied with a flagon of Aleatico by a lovely girl, her only child, the image of her former self. The eldest spoke like a Venetian and his beard was short and pointed after the fashion of Venice. In his demeanour he affected great courtesy, but his look inspired little confidence; for when he smiled, which he did continually, it was with his lips only, not with his eyes; and they were always turned from yours. His companions were bluff and frank in their manner, and on their tongues had many a soldier's oath. In their hats they wore a medal, such as in that age was often distributed in war; and they were evidently subalterns in one of those Free Bands which were always ready to serve in any quarrel, if a service it could be called, where a battle was little more than a mockery; and the slain, as on an opera stage, were up and fighting to-morrow. Overcome with the heat, they threw aside their cloaks; and, with their gloves tucked under their belts, continued for some time in earnest conversation.

At length they rose to go; and the Venetian thus addressed their Hostess. "Excellent lady, may we leave under your roof, for a day or two, this bag of gold?" "You may," she replied gaily. "But remember, we fasten only with a latch. Bars and bolts, we have none in our village; and, if we had, where would be your security?"—"In your word, lady."

"But what if I died to-night? Where would

it be then?" said she, laughing. "The money would go to the Church; for none would claim it."

"Perhaps you will favour us with an acknowledgment."—"If you will write it."

An acknowledgment was written accordingly, and she signed it before Master Bartolo, the village physician, who had just called on his mule to learn the news of the day; the gold to be delivered when applied for, but to be delivered (these were the words) not to one—nor to two—but to the three; words wisely introduced by those to whom it belonged, knowing what they knew of each other. The gold they had just released from a miser's chest in Perugia; and they were now on a scent that promised more.

They and their shadows were no sooner departed, than the Venetian returned, saying, "Give me leave to set my seal on the bag, as the others have done;" and she placed it on a table before him. But in that moment she was called away to receive a cavalier, who had just dismounted from his horse; and, when she came back, it was gone. The temptation had proved irresistible; and the man and the money had vanished together.

"Wretched woman that I am!" she cried, as in an agony of grief she threw herself on her daughter's neck, "What will become of us? Are we again to be cast out into the wide world? Unhappy child, would that thou hadst never been born!" and all day long she lamented; but her tears availed her little. The others were not slow

in returning to claim their due; and there were no tidings of the thief; he had fled far away with his plunder. A process against her was instantly begun in Bologna; and what defence could she make; how release herself from the obligation of the bond? Wilfully or in negligence she had parted with the gold; she had parted with it to one, when she should have kept it for all; and inevitable ruin awaited her! "Go, Gianetta," said she to her daughter, "take this veil which your mother has worn and wept under so often, and implore the Counsellor Calderino to plead for us on the day of trial. He is generous, and will listen to the unfortunate. But if he will not, go from door to door; Monaldi cannot refuse us. Make haste, my child; but remember the chapel as you pass by it. Nothing prospers without a prayer."

Alas, she went, but in vain. These were retained against them; those demanded more than they had to give; and all bade them despair. What was to be done? No advocate; and the cause to come on to-morrow!

Now Gianetta had a lover; and he was a student of the law, a young man of great promise, Lorenzo Martelli. He had studied long and diligently under that learned lawyer, Giovanni Andreas, who, though little of stature, was great in renown, and by his contemporaries was called the arch-doctor, the rabbi of doctors, the light of the world. Under him he had studied, sitting on the same bench with Petrarch; and also under his

daughter Novella, who would often lecture to the scholars, when her father was otherwise engaged, placing herself behind a small curtain, lest her beauty should divert their thoughts ; a precaution in this instance, at least, unnecessary, Lorenzo having lost his heart to another.*

To him she flies in her necessity ; but of what assistance can he be ? He has just taken his place at the bar, but he has never spoken ; and how stand up alone, unpractised and unprepared as he is, against an array that would alarm the most experienced ?—“ Were I as mighty as I am weak,” said he, “ my fears for you would make me as nothing. But I will be there, Gianetta ; and may the friend of the friendless give me strength in that hour ! Even now my heart fails me ; but, come what will, while I have a loaf to share, you and your mother shall never want. I will beg through the world for you.”

The day arrives, and the court assembles. The claim is stated, and the evidence given. And now the defence is called for—but none is made ; not a syllable is uttered ; and after a pause and a consultation of some minutes, the judges are proceeding to give judgment, silence having been proclaimed in the court, when Lorenzo rises and thus addresses them. “ Reverend Signors. Young as

* “ Ce pourroit être,” says Bayle, “ la matiere d’un joli problème : on pourroit examiner si cette fille avançoit, ou si elle retardoit le profit de ses auditeurs, en leur cachant son beau visage. Il y auroit cent choses à dire pour et contre là-dessus.”

I am, may I venture to speak before you? I would speak in behalf of one who has none else to help her; and I will not keep you long. Much has been said; much on the sacred nature of the obligation—and we acknowledge it in its full force. Let it be fulfilled, and to the last letter. It is what we solicit, and what we require. But to whom is the bag of gold to be delivered? What says the bond? Not to one—not to two—but to the three. Let the three stand forth and claim it."

From that day, (for who can doubt the issue?) none were sought, none employed, but the subtle, the eloquent Lorenzo. Wealth followed fame; nor need I say how soon he sat at his marriage feast, or who sat beside him.





THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD'S DOG.



AMES HOGG, the Ettrick Shepherd, says in one of his stories, "my dog was always my companion. I conversed with him the whole day—I shared every meal with him, and my plaid in the time of a shower; the consequence was, that I generally had the best dogs in all the country. The first remarkable one that I had was named Sirrah. He was beyond all comparison the best dog I ever saw. He was of a surly unsocial temper—disdained all flattery, and refused to be caressed; but his attention to his master's commands and interests never will again be equalled by any of the canine race. The first time that I saw him, a drover was leading him in a rope; he was hungry, and lean, and far from being a beautiful cur, for he was all over black, and had a grim face striped with dark brown. The man had bought him of a boy for three shillings, somewhere on the border, and doubtless had used him very ill on his journey.

I thought I discovered a sort of sullen intelligence in his face, notwithstanding his dejected and forlorn situation ; so I gave the drover a guinea for him, and appropriated the captive to myself. I believe there never was a guinea so well laid out ; at least I am satisfied that I never laid out one to so good purpose. He was scarcely then a year old, and knew so little of herding, that he had never turned sheep in his life ; but as soon as he discovered that it was his duty to do so, and that it obliged me, I can never forget with what anxiety and eagerness he learned his different evolutions. He would try every way deliberately, till he found out what I wanted him to do ; and when once I made him to understand a direction, he never forgot or mistook it again. Well as I knew him, he very often astonished me, for when hard pressed in accomplishing the task that he was put to, he had expedients of the moment that bespoke a great share of the reasoning faculty. Were I to relate all his exploits, it would require a volume ; I shall only mention one or two, to prove what kind of an animal he was.

I was a shepherd for ten years on the same farm, where I had always about seven hundred lambs put under my charge every year at weaning time. As they were of the short, or black-faced breed, the breaking of them was a very ticklish and difficult task. I was obliged to watch them night and day for the first four days, during which time I had always a person to assist me. It hap-

pened one year, that just about midnight the lambs broke loose, and came up the moor upon us, making a noise with their running, louder than thunder. We got up and waved our plaids and shouted, in hopes to turn them, but we only made matters worse, for in a moment they were all around us, and by our exertions we cut them into three divisions; one of these ran north, another south, and those that came up between us, straight up the moor to the westward, I called out, "Sirrah, my man, they're a' away;" the word, of all others, that set him most upon the alert, but owing to the darkness of the night, and blackness of the moor, I never saw him at all. As the division of the lambs that ran southward were going straight towards the fold, where they had been that day taken from their dams, I was afraid they would go there, and again mix with them; so I threw off part of my clothes, and pursued them, and by great personal exertion, and the help of another old dog that I had besides Sirrah, I turned them, but in a few minutes afterwards lost them altogether. I ran here and there, not knowing what to do, but always, at intervals, gave a loud whistle to Sirrah, to let him know that I was depending on him. By that whistling, the lad who was assisting me, found me out; but he likewise had lost all trace whatsoever of the lambs. I asked if he had never seen Sirrah? He said he had not; but that after I left him, a wing of the lambs had come round him with a swirl, and that

he supposed Sirrah had then given them a turn, though he could not see him for the darkness. We both concluded, that whatever way the lambs ran at first, they would finally land at the fold where they left their mothers, and without delay we bent our course towards that; but when we came there, there was nothing of them, nor any kind of bleating to be heard, and we discovered with vexation that we had come on a wrong track.

My companion then bent his course towards the farm of Glen on the north, and I ran away westward for several miles, along the wild tract where the lambs had grazed while following their dams. We met after it was day, far up in a place called the Black Cleuch, but neither of us had been able to discover our lambs, nor any traces of them. It was the most extraordinary circumstance that had ever occurred in the annals of the pastoral life! We had nothing for it but to return to our master, and inform him that we had lost his whole flock of lambs, and knew not what was become of one of them.

On our way home, however, we discovered a body of lambs at the bottom of a deep ravine, called the Flesh Cleuch, and the indefatigable Sirrah standing in front of them, looking all around for some relief, but still standing true to his charge. The sun was then up; and when we first came in view of them, we concluded that it was one of the divisions of the lambs, which Sirrah had been unable to manage until he came to that commanding

situation, for it was about a mile and a half distant from the place where they first broke and scattered. But what was our astonishment when we discovered by degrees that not one lamb of the whole flock was wanting! How he had got all the divisions collected in the dark, is beyond my comprehension. The charge was left entirely to himself from midnight until the rising of the sun; and if all the shepherds in the Forest had been there to assist him, they could not have effected it with greater propriety. All that I can say farther is, that I never felt so grateful to any creature below the sun as I did to Sirrah that morning.

I remember another achievement of his which I admired still more. I was sent to a place in Tweeddale, called Stanhope, to bring home a wild ewe that had strayed from home. The place lay at the distance of about fifteen miles, and my way to it was over steep hills, and athwart deep glens; there was no path, and neither Sirrah or I had ever travelled the road before. The ewe was brought in and put in a barn over night; and after being frightened in this way, was set out to me in the morning to be driven home by herself. She was as wild as a roe, and bounded away to the side of the mountain like one. I sent Sirrah on a circular route wide before her, and let him know that he had the charge of her. When I left the people at the house, Mr. Tweedie, the farmer, said to me, "Do you really suppose that you will drive that sheep over these hills, and out through the

midst of all the sheep in the country?" I said I would try to do it. "Then, let me tell you," said he, "that you may as well try to travel to yon sun." The man did not know that I was destined to do both the one and the other! Our way, as I said, lay all over wild hills, and through the middle of flocks of sheep. I seldom got a sight of the ewe, for she was sometimes a mile before me, sometimes two; but Sirrah kept her in command the whole way—never suffered her to mix with other sheep—nor, as far as I could judge, ever to deviate twenty yards from the track by which he and I went the day before. When we came over the great height towards Manor Water, Sirrah and his charge happened to cross it a little before me, and our way lying down hill for several miles, I lost all traces of them, but still held on my track. I came to two shepherd's houses, and asked if they had seen any thing of a black dog, with a branded face and a long tail, driving a sheep? No; they had seen no such thing; and, besides, all their sheep, both above and below the houses, seemed to be unmoved. I had nothing for it but to hold on my way homeward; and at length, on the corner of a hill at the side of the water, I discovered my trusty coal-black friend sitting with his eye fixed intently on the burn below him, and sometimes giving a casual glance behind to see if I was coming: he had the ewe standing there, safe and unhurt.

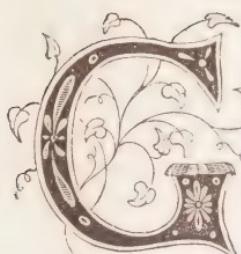
When I got her home, and set her at liberty

among our own sheep, he took it highly amiss. I could scarcely prevail with him to let her go ; and so dreadfully was he affronted, that she should have been let go free after all his toil and trouble, that he would not come near me all the way to the house, nor yet taste any supper when we got there. I believe he wanted me to take her home and kill her.



THE OLD WITCH;

OR, THE LITTLE GLEANERS.



REAT BRITAIN, enlightened as she now is, has seen the time, not very long ago, when the greater number of people in that country were very ignorant; they were also, as is always the case, very superstitious. Ignorance and superstition always go hand in hand. They are two blind sisters, who think they can see better than any one else; and, in consequence, do a great deal of mischief.

In these times of gross ignorance, about fifty years ago, there lived at the corner of a rugged wood, or forest, in one of the villages of Suffolk, an old woman. Her hut was more than a mile distant from any other habitation, and she seldom had any one to see her, and seldom went to see any one—for this reason, that from her great age, all her relations and friends were dead, and she had no one in the world to whom she could look up with confidence as her friend.

The poor old woman's name was Betty Blowers, and she was as quiet and inoffensive an old creature as ever lived. Although very old, and very poor, and with only a shilling a week to live on, (which was allowed her from the parish,) she was what very few people are in this world—contented.

One of the reasons for her being so, was from her being always employed. In the spring, she would be found weeding the young corn, in the summer gleaning, and in the autumn seeking for fallen acorns in the woods, or picking up sticks for her winter fire. The little corn that she hoarded, the little fuel that she saved, and the few bushels of beech-nuts and acorns she sold to the farmers, with the produce of her spinning wheel in the dark December days, enabled her to live, and that without murmuring.

Notwithstanding all this, would you believe it, that this poor old creature was greatly persecuted, both by men, women, and children. Because her face was old and wrinkled, and her hands tanned and rough; because she wore a man's coat to keep her warm, and had her petticoat full of patches, and her once black bonnet was become rusty with age; because she was unseemly to look upon, every wicked man, lad, and boy, thought they had a right to worry her, and torment her wherever they saw her; but the poor old woman bore all this with patience; she had become so accustomed to ill treatment, that she no longer felt it with the

same intensity, and, instead of stopping to resent ill usage, hobbled away as fast as her poor old legs would carry her.

The reason people had for thus persecuting a poor old woman, was because she was a witch. They said that she could charm people, and make them ill ; that she sometimes bewitched the cream in the churn, so that all the churning in the world would not make it butter. One woman, who, for several weeks, could not get her bread to rise, owing to the badness of her yeast, accused the old woman of bewitching it ; and a groom, who would not give enough trouble to his horses to make their coats shine, laid it to the old woman, who bewitched the stable, as he said, in the form of a black cat which had been seen there on several occasions.

It was not every one, however, that thought these evil things of the poor old woman. There was a sweet family of children, who, having been brought up by a good mother, used very often to meet Betty. They were the children of the working wheeler and blacksmith of the village ; when they met her, they would sometimes give her a few halfpence, to buy a pinch of snuff ; for they knew this was a great comfort to the poor old lady.

One day, these children were passing through a field in which the corn had been just carried ; a mob of the villagers swept over it, and began gleaning away as fast as they could pick up the fallen ears of corn. While the scramble was

going on, poor old Betty was observed at the farther corner of the field, creeping along by the hedge, and picking up the straggling ears with a trembling hand, and fearful look. At last, some of the rude boys called out, "Here is old Betty, the witch;" and immediately three or four of the nearest to him began pulling up the stubble, and throwing it, with thick clods of earth at the end of every root, at the poor woman. The women then followed the boys in their molestation; and poor Betty was first pelted with stubble, and then with stones, till she was obliged to hobble away into a field at some distance, amid the yellings and hootings of her persecutors.

When the eldest of the little family of the Gordons, Eliza, (for that was their name), saw this, she was much affected, and the tears came into her eyes. "Poor old Betty," said she, "what a shame to serve her so! I only wish my father was here, and he would come with his great horsewhip, and give you boys a sound drubbing, which would serve you right."

"Go along with you," said one of the boys; "she is a witch, and will bewitch you if you do not mind."

"I am not afraid of her bewitching me," said she; "and then," she whispered to her three sisters, "I will tell you what we will do. We will stop here all this afternoon, instead of going to play, and glean all the corn we can, and take it to old Betty in the evening."

"Oh, that we will," said little Anne; "and I am sure mother will be pleased."

"May I glean, too?" said little Sarah, who was about six years old. "And I, too?" said Mary, who was not quite four.

"Oh, yes; we will get as many handfuls as we can—poor old woman. Yes, we will all glean; so go along into the next furrow—the corn always lies more in the furrow; and you in that one, and I in this, and you in that, Sally."

So away the little girls went, and picked up the ears as fast as little chickens would pick up grain—the hot sun scorching them all the time. "See what a deal I have got," said Sarah, when she had picked up half-a-dozen ears. "And look at mine," said Mary, who had only two ears to brag of.

"Now do not stop looking at your ears," said Eliza, "there's dears. If you do, we shall never get a handful; come, make haste; pick them up. There, put one hand behind your back, and pick up the corn with the other, till you get a good many ears in your hand. Come, let us see which will get a handful first."

After picking up the corn for a little while longer, Anne cried out, "Oh! my back does ache so;—I must stand up a bit to rest." "And so does mine," said Sarah. "And so does mine," said little Mary.

"Well, mine does not," said Eliza; "and if it did, I would not mind it."

"Aye, but you are bigger than we," said little Sarah.

"Well, mine will ache by and by ; and when it does, I will not call out about it. I shall not mind a little pain, if I can do any body good by it."

"No more shall I," said Sarah. "No more shall I," said Mary ; "only the sun scorches my neck so." And sure enough it did, for the poor child's neck was very much inflamed.

But the little girls laboured on, and handful after handful of corn was picked up. Eliza obtained three large handfuls, Sarah two, and the other little girls more than one each.

But they were all very tired. As to Sarah, she declared her back was nearly broken ; little Mary and her sister had their skin blistered, and the sharp stubble had pricked their legs in several places, so as to draw blood.

But, in spite of all these pains and mishaps ; in spite of aching backs, and bleeding ankles, and sunburnt necks and arms, these little children felt a great pleasure in their task ; and, gathering up their corn at sunset, directed their steps towards the old woman's cottage.

It was about eight o'clock when they reached the place. They looked in ; Betty had just got home, and was putting some sticks in the fire-place, to boil her tea-kettle. "Goody, Goody," said Eliza, "we have brought you our gleanings, because they drove you off the field." Poor old

Betty cried like a child, and would have kissed the children.

"And I have got a half-penny, which mother gave us to spend this afternoon," said Eliza; "shall I give it her?"—"Yes," said the little girls. "And here is a half-penny, to buy a half-penny worth of snuff." The muscles of the old woman's face moved; her eyes filled with tears, but she could not speak.

"And if you like, next Saturday afternoon we will go and glean for you again, Goody," said Eliza. "Yes, all of us," said Sarah. "And me, too," said little Mary.

And so they did, and the poor old woman felt thankful; and when Mr. and Mrs. Gordon heard of what their children had done, they were also delighted, and kissed them over and over again. Ah! my little ones, think what pleasure there is in doing a good action; look for no other reward. Who do you think bestows the pleasure we feel when doing good? It is God, who both sees and knows it.

By cultivating such feelings as these, we lay the foundation of a virtuous and happy life; and thus have it in our power to make many happy. These little girls became very kind and affectionate to their fellow creatures, and when they grew up, were beloved by all who knew them.

I hope my young friends will take the lesson I mean to convey by this little story. It is, that children, however young, have often the opportu-

nity of serving others ; and that, in serving others, they at the same time do the greatest service to themselves. They should never forget their duty to each other, or to their Maker.



THE HUNTING PARTY.

AN ADVENTURE IN ITALY.

RELATED BY A TRAVELLER.



NCE upon a time, I was travelling, towards evening, among cliffs and woods, passing from wild to wilder, where nothing hospitable was to be seen up or down, not a house, not a sign or bush hung out at a cottage door, offering refreshments.

Turning round a scathed oak, I entered a cave whence through its broad arches many a deer had issued, and many a gipsy and her brood looked out, and went hastily in again. The floor was yet gray with ashes, and the sides were covered with locks of hair. I looked beyond the cave and saw that, which, had Sancho Panza seen it at such a time, would have filled his honest countenance with such a flush of pleasure and surprise, as he had



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never before experienced, and chained him to the spot; while his good master, Don Quixotte, might have traversed many a hill and valley without his squire. Below me there was a narrow glade, embroidered with flowers, while the green sward was chequered with the shadows of cedars and cypresses, and the gale was rendered fragrant by an underwood of myrtle. A rivulet ran through the midst; and a sumpter mule stood on the bank well laden with the materials for a feast. Two servants were employed in drawing from the panniers, and ranging round on the grass, viands and fruits of every description, and plunging flasks of delicious wine into the cool water.

Then a horn blew, calling a merry hunting party to the feast; and I saw, long before they issued from the grove, several peasants approaching; one of them was leading in a leash beagles still panting from the chase, while another carried various game, slung with rich profusion before and behind, on a stick which he carried on his shoulder. All announced the chase as over, and soon appeared a young and graceful lady, and a young man, in close converse with each other, on horses full of fire and white with foam. The youth bore his hooded falcon on his glove. The lady alighted like some spirit of air, or a fairy vision, while her courser pawed the ground with impatience, and her beauty illumined the place as she trod the bank, seeming to touch neither herb nor flower. But was it possible? Yes! it was a beloved friend,

Angelica and her brother! Then I remembered how sweet her voice was as she stood bidding adieu, and how the first lark had sung ere she had said the half of what she wished to say. We gave several days to pleasure at her home, where all seemed as a dream imagined from some Arabian tale.

This unexpected meeting of the hunting party was one of the pleasantest incidents of all my tour in Italy. It realised the poet's sentiment:—

Pleasure, that comes unlooked for, is thrice welcome;
And, if it stir the heart, if aught be there,
That may hereafter in a thoughtful hour
Wake but a sigh, 'tis treasured up among
The things most precious; and the day it came
Is noted as a white day in our lives. ROGERS.







KRISS KRINGLE'S



BOOK.